# CRIMSON & GOLD

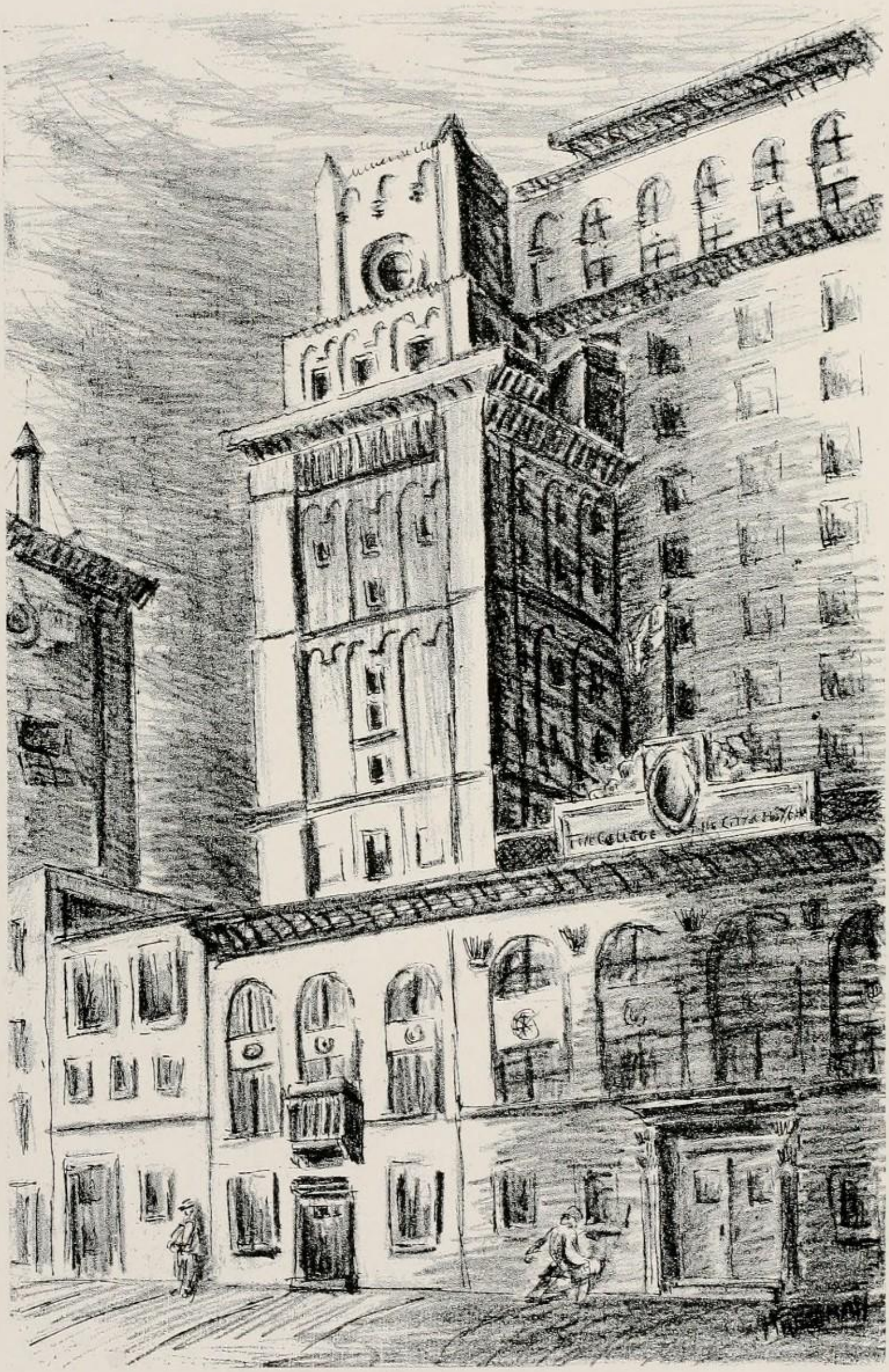
JUNIE 1936

# CRIMSON & GOLD

## JUNE 1936

SECTIONS
THE FACULTY
THE SENIORS
THE SCHOOL

Editor-in-Chief, ABRAHAM LUBARSKY
Managing Editor, RICHARD REUBEN
Business Manager, HAROLD WOHL
Art Editor, HENRY FREEDMAN



# FOREWORD

It has often been suggested that there be incorporated into the Crimson and Gold a central, unifying theme which would be strongly emphasized throughout the book. This semester the editors weighed this idea judiciously, but came to the conclusion that such a change would entail the loss of the kaleidoscopic effect of the yearbook.

However, the editors believe that the C. & G. should have a definite editorial policy to guide its contents, and they have selected for this issue two questions which they think most deserving of the students' immediate consideration. These are the rebuilding of the extra-curricular institutions of our school, and the awakening of the Harris student to the importance of worldly problems.

Certainly the state of affairs in our after-three activities is far from desirable. Reform and advancement are necessary if we are to return even to past levels. This means more than increased student participation, more than merely increased "school spirit." It means improvement on the part of the organizations themselves so that they may, on the one hand, encourage added participation, and on the other hand, enhance the reputation of Townsend Harris High School.

But the student has other and greater responsibilities than even these. He must look beyond the walls of the school building to the world about him. Great problems have arisen which he cannot overlook. The threat of war, democracy's struggle for existence, economic distress—all will eventually concern him. He is growing, he will soon vote, he will be required to make momentous decisions. It is imperative, then, that he take a broader and more mature view of these urgent matters which demand his attention.

TO EDWIN H. MANDEVILLE,

whose leadership and advice has so successfully guided our Harris careers; whose interest in our every undertaking has been of invaluable aid in our achievements; and whose entire association with us has instilled within us the loyalty and gratitude that only fine friendship can influence, we affectionately dedicate this, our accomplishment.

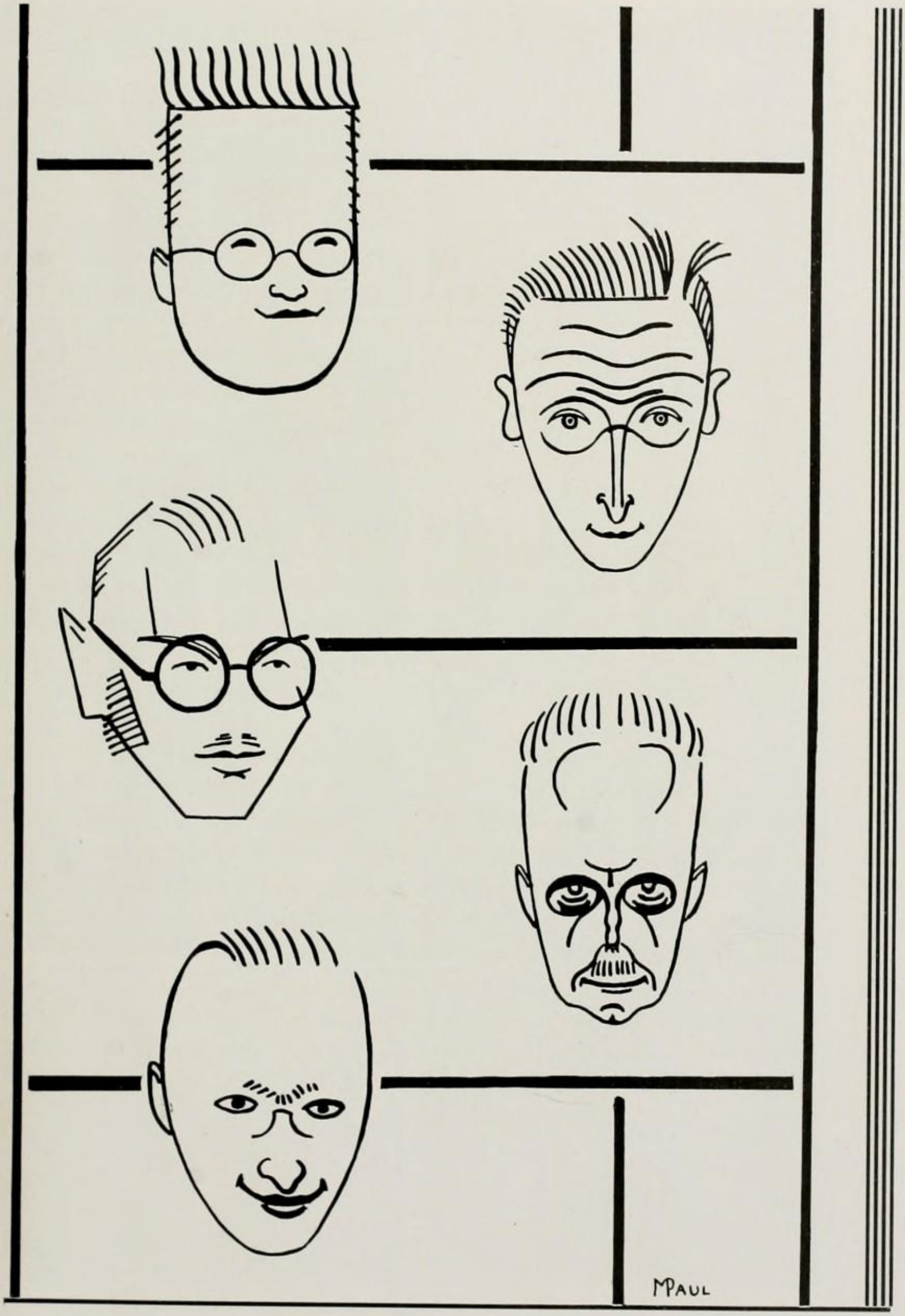
The Editors.

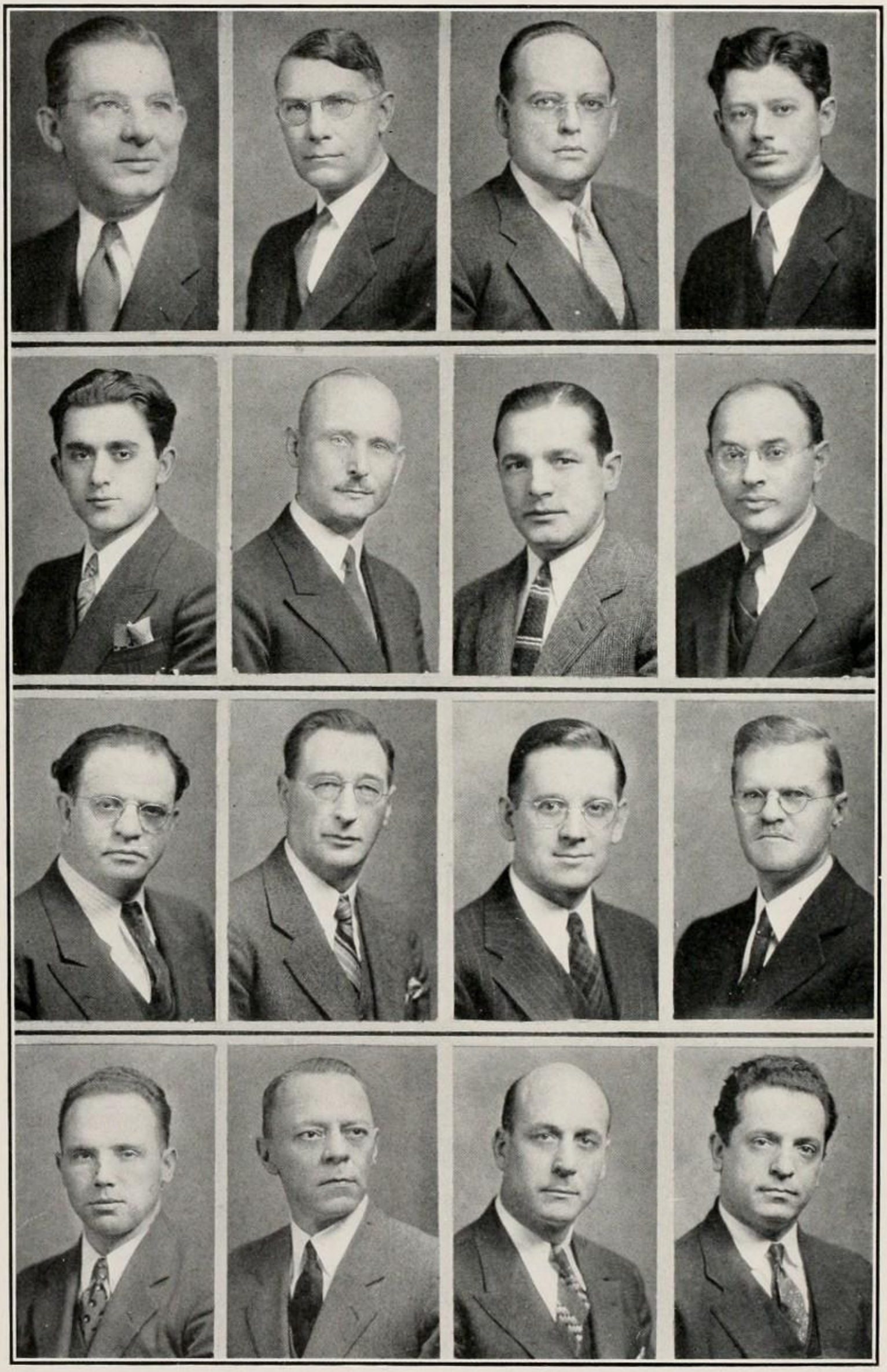
# SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

by Russell F. Stryker, Acting Director

The past year has been marked by certain changes in Townsend Harris. Mr. Stein has replaced Professor D'Andrea in the Art Department, and Dr. Krakower has come from the college to fill the position of Supervisor of Physical Training left vacant by the death of Dr. Goss. Mr. Gaudin has been added to the staff of the Department of Romance Languages. Mr. Stryker has served as Acting Director during Professor Falion's leave of absence. The course of study has been modified by the introduction of Social Science as a Lower C subject and by a rearrangement of the Art course. Increasing use has been made of the local museums to supplement the work in various subjects. The Department of History has shown flms weekly during the Spring term and has sponsored a series of visits to municipal institutions. In November Open School Week brought many parents to the school. Again at the commencement exercises in the Great Hall of the City College the attendance was unusually large. On this occasion the Acting Director was able to announce the establishment of a new record in the Regents' examinations.

The extra-curricular activities of the school under the guidance of the G. O. Council have received excellent support from the student body. Under our new eligibility rules, which correspond to those of the P. S. A. L., more students have been free to participate. Interschool competition has brought gratifying results, especially in basketball, chess, and the city-wide Latin Vocabulary Contest. Outstanding among club achievements was the Dramatic Society's presentation of "Charley's Aunt." The various classes have conducted successful functions. It has again been possible to have our own orchestra at assemblies. "The Stadium" has given a full account of the school news here summarized; of the excellence of "The Crimson and Gold" you who read this book may judge.


MPAUL



# FACULTY

FALION, GEORGE M. — Director

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A.B. | Columbia | 1905 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1910 |

STRYKER, RUSSEL F. — Acting Director

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Rutgers | 1910 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1913 |

CHASTNEY, ROBERT H. — Ass't Director

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Hamilton College | 1923 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1926 |
| B.A. | N.Y.U. | 1933 |

NEWMAN, PHILIP — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1924 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1925 |

PEARLMAN, SAMUEL — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1932 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1934 |

MIERMANN, WERNER — German

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dipl. | Teacher's Seminary—Germany | 1911 |

PENN, EDWARD EARLE — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1927 |
| M.S. | Columbia | 1932 |

PERLMUTTER, BERNARD — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1923 |
| M.A. | Fordham | 1930 |

BOGDANOVE, A. J. — Art

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Member | Allied Artists of America | 1935 |
| Member | Salmagindi Club | 1933 |

CANFIELD, LEON H. — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Syracuse | 1908 |
| Ph.D. | Columbia | 1913 |

DENNETT, DAYTON N. — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1928 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1932 |

DYER, CECIL B. — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1912 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1926 |

COUNSELLOR, JAY — P.T.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1933 |

ALLES, ROBERT H. — English

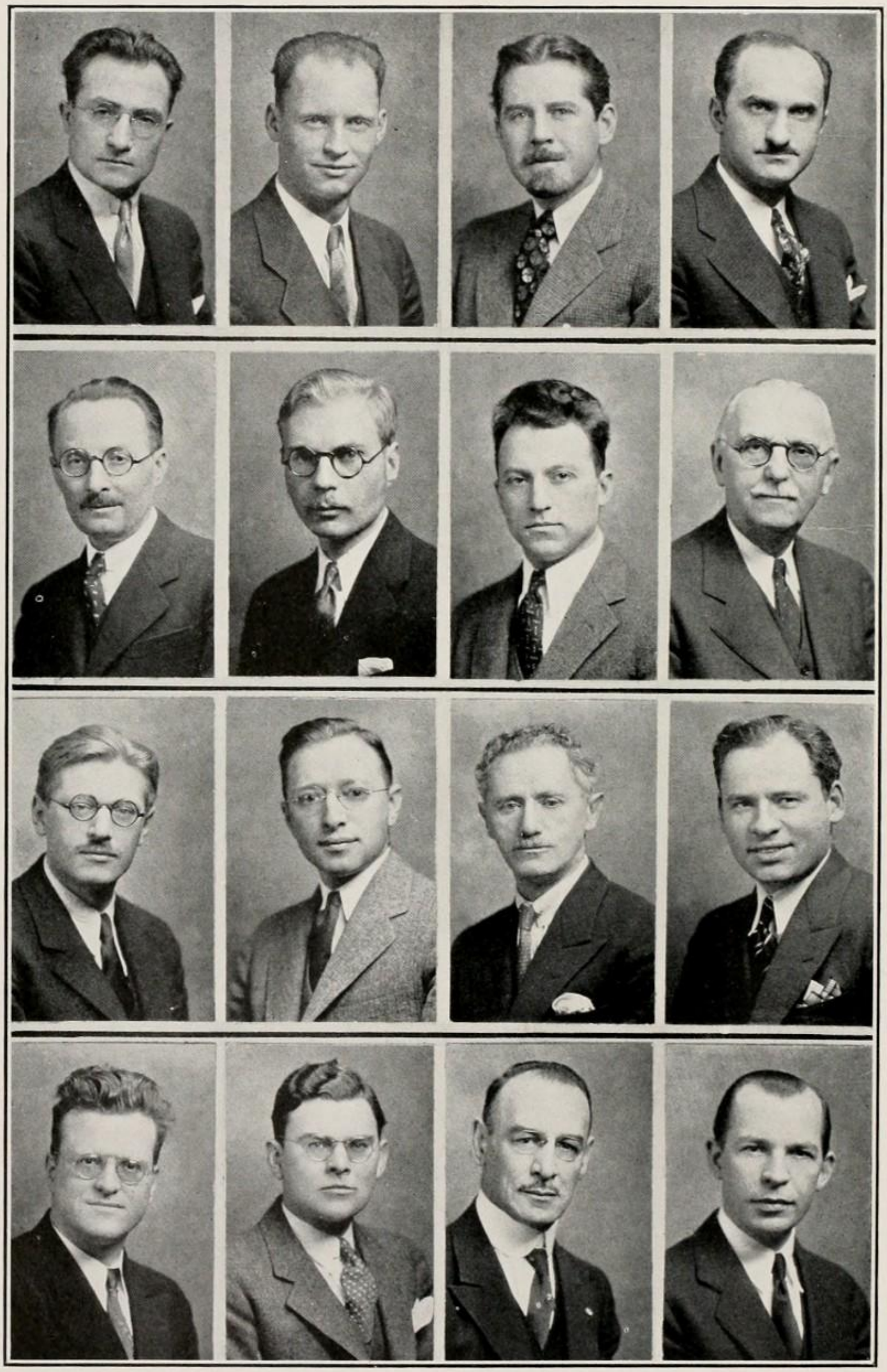
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1906 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1908 |

BANISTER, SETH W. — Physics

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | Mass. State | 1915 |

D'AMATO, ORLANDO — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Columbia | 1915 |



# FACULTY

COURTINES, PIERRE — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1930 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1931 |
| Diploma Centro de Estudios Historicos, Univ. of Madrid | | 1935 |

FERGUSON, ERNEST — P.T.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1932 |

FLYNN, JAMES E. — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1922 |
| L.L.B. | Fordham | 1926 |

FRIEDMAN, JACOB ALEXIS — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1919 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1920 |

GAUDIN, ALBERT — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dipl. Phonetique | Institut de Paris | 1935 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1936 |

GRIES, KONRAD — Latin

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1931 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1933 |

HEFT, DAVID — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1928 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |

HEYNICH, RICHARD O. — German

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dipl. | Teacher's Seminary Germany | 1892 |

HURLINGER, IVEN — Physics

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1928 |

HURWITZ, SOLOMON — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1927 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1929 |

KLEIN, DAVID — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1902 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1904 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1909 |

KRAKOWER, HYMAN — P.T.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1930 |
| B.S. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1934 |

LANGSAM, KURT — German

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1931 |
| M.S. in Ed. | C.C.N.Y. | 1931 |

MANDEVILLE, EDWIN H. — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Columbia | 1926 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1926 |

MARTEL, JOSE — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Seville, Spain | 1910 |
| Pd.M. | Seville, Spain | 1944 |
| M.A. | Annapolis | 1916 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1932 |

MARTIN, CHRISTOPHER — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1922 |
| M.A. | Catholic U. of America | 1925 |

# FACULTY

MERAS, EDMOND A. — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1917 |
| M.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1924 |
| Lec. es Lettres—Toulouse, France | | 1922 |

ROTHMAN, IRWIN — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1926 |
| M.B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1924 |

SAMMARTINO, PETER — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1929 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1928 |

SCHWARTZ, MILTON — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | | |
| M.S. | C.C.N.Y. & Columbia | 1930 |

SHELDON, EDWARD L. — Latin

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Yale | 1916 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1924 |

SMITH, MAX — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1926 |
| M.S. in Ed. | C.C.N.Y. | 1927 |
| Ph.D. | Columbia | 1934 |

SMITH, PHILIP L. — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M.A. | Yale | 1917 |
| B.A. | Columbia | 1925 |

MILELLA, NICHOLAS J. — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1926 |
| L.L.B. | Fordham | 1929 |

STEIN, ALFRED H. — Art

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1931 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1932 |

SVEINBJORNSSON, HARALD — P.T.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Niels Bukh School of Physical Education—Denmark | | 1923 |

TROY, WILLIAM — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1918 |

TRUESDELL, WALDO — Physics

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Harvard | 1897 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1912 |

WETZEL, REINHARD — Physics

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Minnesota | 1901 |

YANELLA, ARTHUR — P.T.

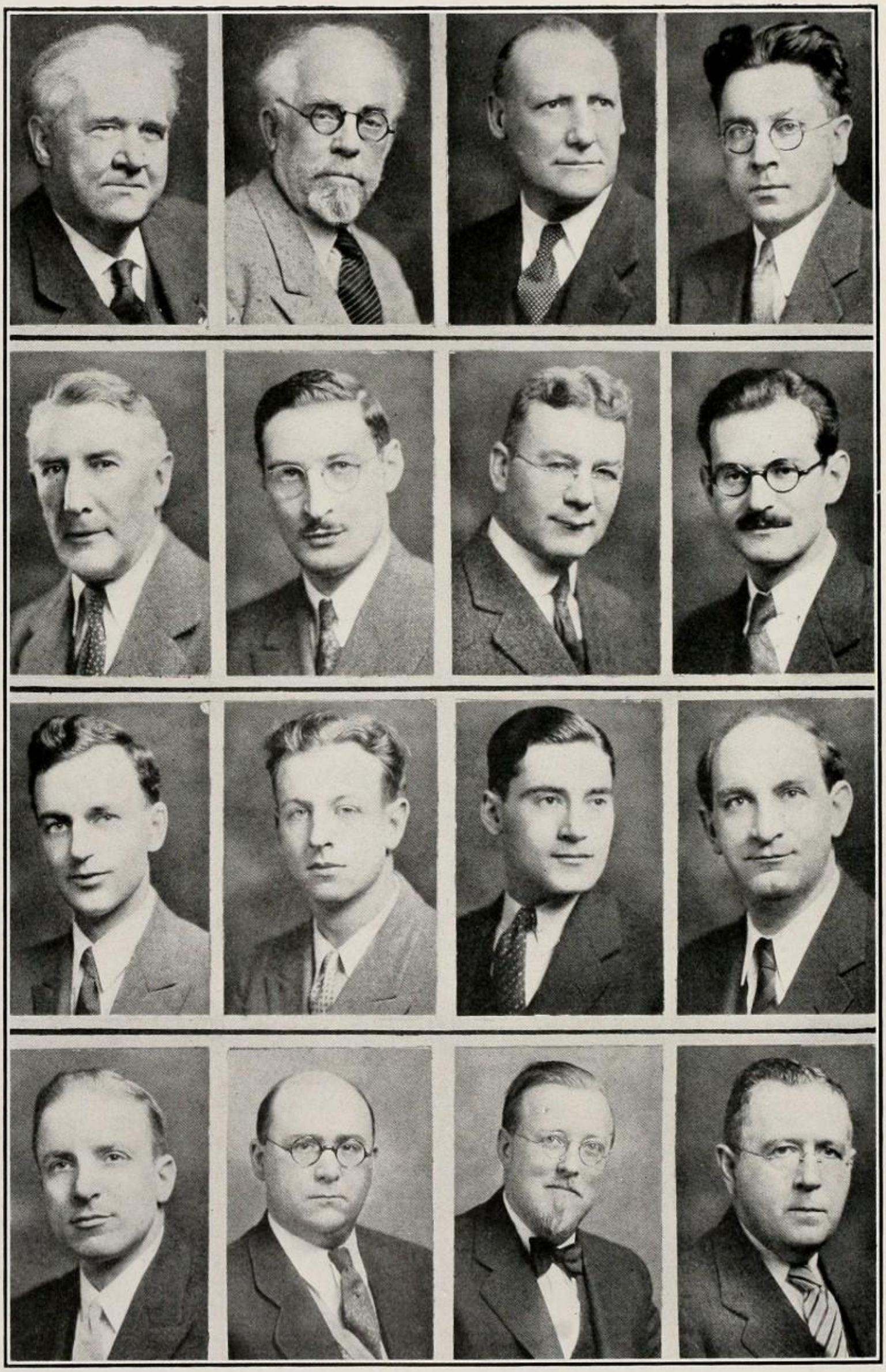
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | N.Y.U. | 1933 |

ZACHARIE, JEAN BAPTISTE — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B. es L.Ph. | France | 1897 |

ZASLOFF, IRA — P.T.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | N.Y.U. | 1933 |
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1935 |



# FACULTY

FITZPATRICK, JOSEPH E. — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Fordham | 1906 |
| M.A. | Fordham | 1915 |

FENDERSON, MARK — Art

BOYD, EDWARD F. — Art

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Julian's, Paris | 1902-6 |

STANDERWICK, HENRY — Latin

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Columbia | 1911 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1912 |
| Ph.D. | Columbia | 1932 |

HUTCHISON, FREDERICK W. — Art

Academician—National Academy
Hon. Life Member National Arts

DRABKIN, ISRAEL E. — Latin

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1924 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1926 |
| Ph.D. | Columbia | 1930 |

BLAKE, GEORGE W. — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M.A. | N.Y.U. | 1915 |

CARRIE, RENE A. — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.-es-Sc. | France | 1920 |
| B.-es-L. | France | 1920 |
| B.A. | Columbia | 1923 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1923 |

MACEWEN, DUNCAN — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S.S. | U. of Saskatchewan | 1922 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1931 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1935 |

OBERIST, CHARLES J. — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | Columbia | 1930 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1931 |

GOLDWAY, DAVID — English

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.S. | C.C.N.Y. | 1928 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1932 |

LANDMAN, JACOB H. — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1918 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1920 |
| J.D. | N.Y.U. | 1927 |
| J.S.D. | N.Y.U. | 1928 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |

ROBINSON, DEVEREUX — Math

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M.E. | Stevens Institute | 1910 |
| M.A. | | |

PEI, MARIO A. — Romance

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1925 |
| Ph.D. | Columbia | 1932 |

BEGG, WILLIAM ROY — Latin

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | C.C.N.Y. | 1923 |
| M.A. | Columbia | 1926 |
| Ph.D. | N.Y.U. | 1931 |

MENDELSOHN, CHARLES — History

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B.A. | U. of Pa. | 1900 |
| Ph.D. | U. of Pa. | 1904 |

# FACULTY TYPES

by Lloyd Ulman

## THE LIBERAL

He's the teacher who knows the going is rough, and who is sympathetic. He's the sort of fellow who helps you after school hours with the homework he assigned to you. He seems to sense when the class doesn't understand a point which he has been explaining, although no specific questions might have been raised. And he's the type of man who will go over this point again.

He is interested in student extra-curricular work. He shares it with the boys to a great extent. He believes enthusiastically in student-self government, because he believes in boys.

And he understands them.

Is it a coincidence that he teaches them well? And that they like him?

## THE BORE

One sits in his class-room and yawns. Or looks out of the window. Or industriously revolves one's thumbs.

For this teacher is a Bore. His lesson is presented in a drab, uninteresting manner and varies not from day to day. He imparts nothing to one which cannot be found in the book.

He's the only teacher one has ever had who can succeed in stretching one hour into two.

And the Bore has his political heroes. Sometimes he spends half the period explaining the policies of these heroes, and then the hour seems like two and one-half.

He never dreams that he is a Bore, of course. He thinks he's an unusually agreeable fellow—one of the boys, in fact.

But "the boys" know better.

## MR. CHIPS

He's been teaching Harris boys for many years, and his hair is a pure white. When those faculty classifications are drawn up for the year book, he's invariably chosen "most benevolent."

He is benevolent (and knows it), but his expression of scorn for the young teachers and their "radical" educational methods is magnificent to hear. His English is impeccable, and his shirts are as white as his hair.

He threatens recalcitrant students in solemn, measured tones and makes mysterious marks on his white sheet with his huge pen. But we've never yet heard of him flunking a fellow.

He likes boys. And he is desperately eager for them to like him.

I guess he really isn't a Mr. Chips.

But he tries so hard to be. And we love him for it.

## THE TERROR

There is always a Terror wherever there is a school.

Some teachers may be feared; others may be respected; but the Terror is one who is universally feared and respected. He's dreaded.

The Terror is (a) a slouching, menacing colossus or (b) a perpendicularly erect five-footer. His orders are issued in (a) a bullying roar or (b) an ominously low tone.

He (a) knows that he is a Terror and glories in his notoriety, or (b) is totally unaware of the fact, believing only that his methods of teaching procure the best results.

There's something about a Terror which marks him whether he is (*a*) or (*b*). It may be his carriage or it may be his voice or it may be his manner.

Or it may be just "something."

But it's there.

## DRY HUMOR

This gentleman is an exceedingly rare type.

He has a sense of humor.

Other teachers may crack jokes, but his are good jokes. Other teachers make wisecracks, but his are humorous. Some teachers may be jolly; others may be chronic wits; but his is dry humor.

He need not be especially good natured; indeed, it seems that dry humor is best uttered by a sharp tongue and accompanied by a glinting eye.

He is merciless, sparing no one. He is always alert. He mouthes his words, pronouncing each slowly and with sufficient emphasis, for he enjoys his dry humor. As does everyone else.

Except the victim.

## THE TEACHER

He's not especially a Bore; nor is he a Liberal; you can hardly call him a Mr. Chips; and he's definitely not a Terror.

At times, however, he is a bit boring; sometimes he's expansive and even liberal; he has his reminiscent moments; and he does lose his temper occasionally.

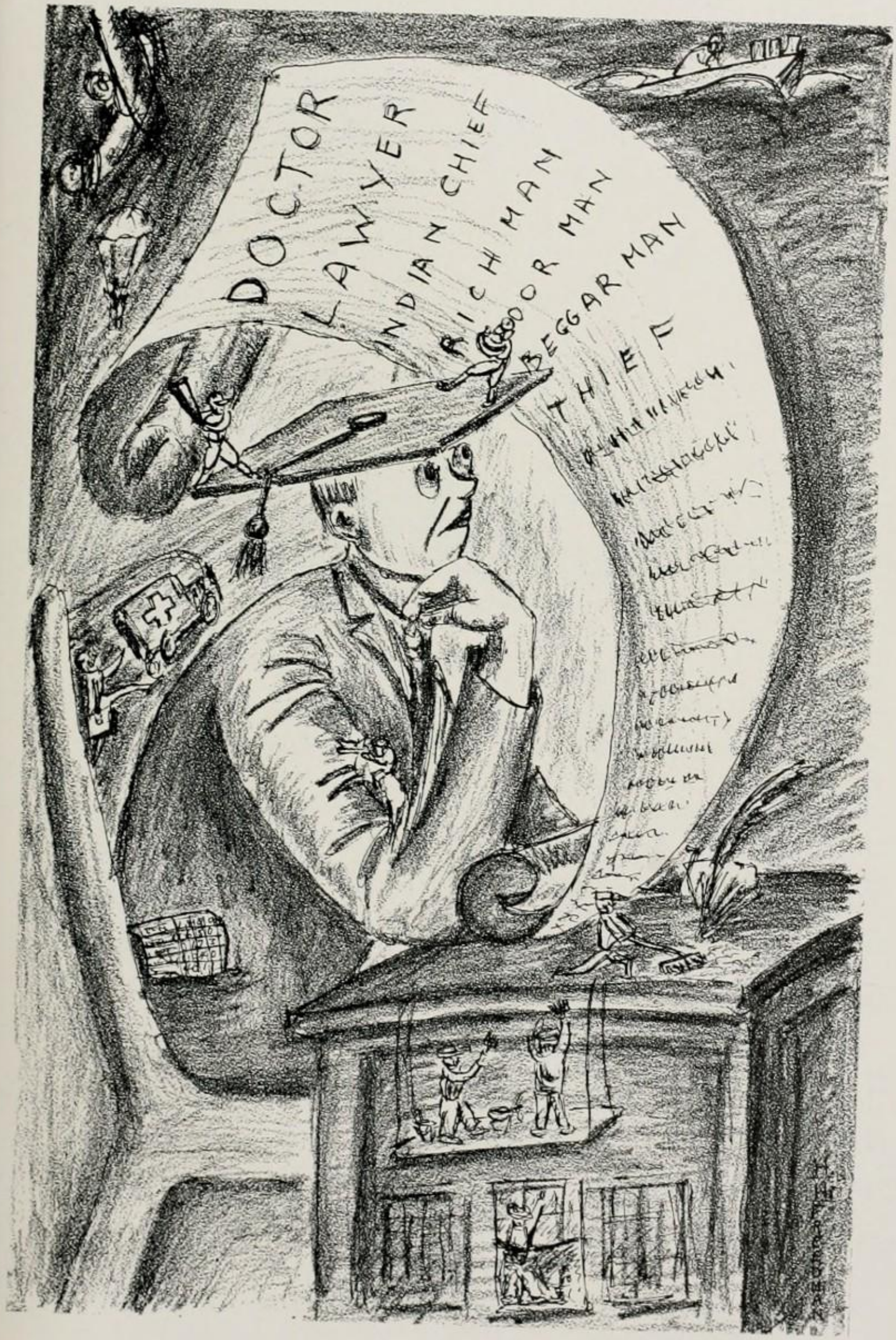
But he's really not a Type. He's the majority of the faculty men and he's not particularly distinctive.

We all know him. We have him for Latin or History or Math. He marks fairly, although he does slip up a bit, now and then. He has a quiet affability and an agreeable smile. He knows his subject thoroughly and he knows his boys, too.

We take his course—enjoy it, remain indifferent, or don't like it.

We respect him and have great confidence in him.

We cheer him lustily at the end of the term.


DOCTOR
LAWYER
INDIAN CHIEF
RICH MAN
POOR MAN
BEGGAR MAN
THIEF

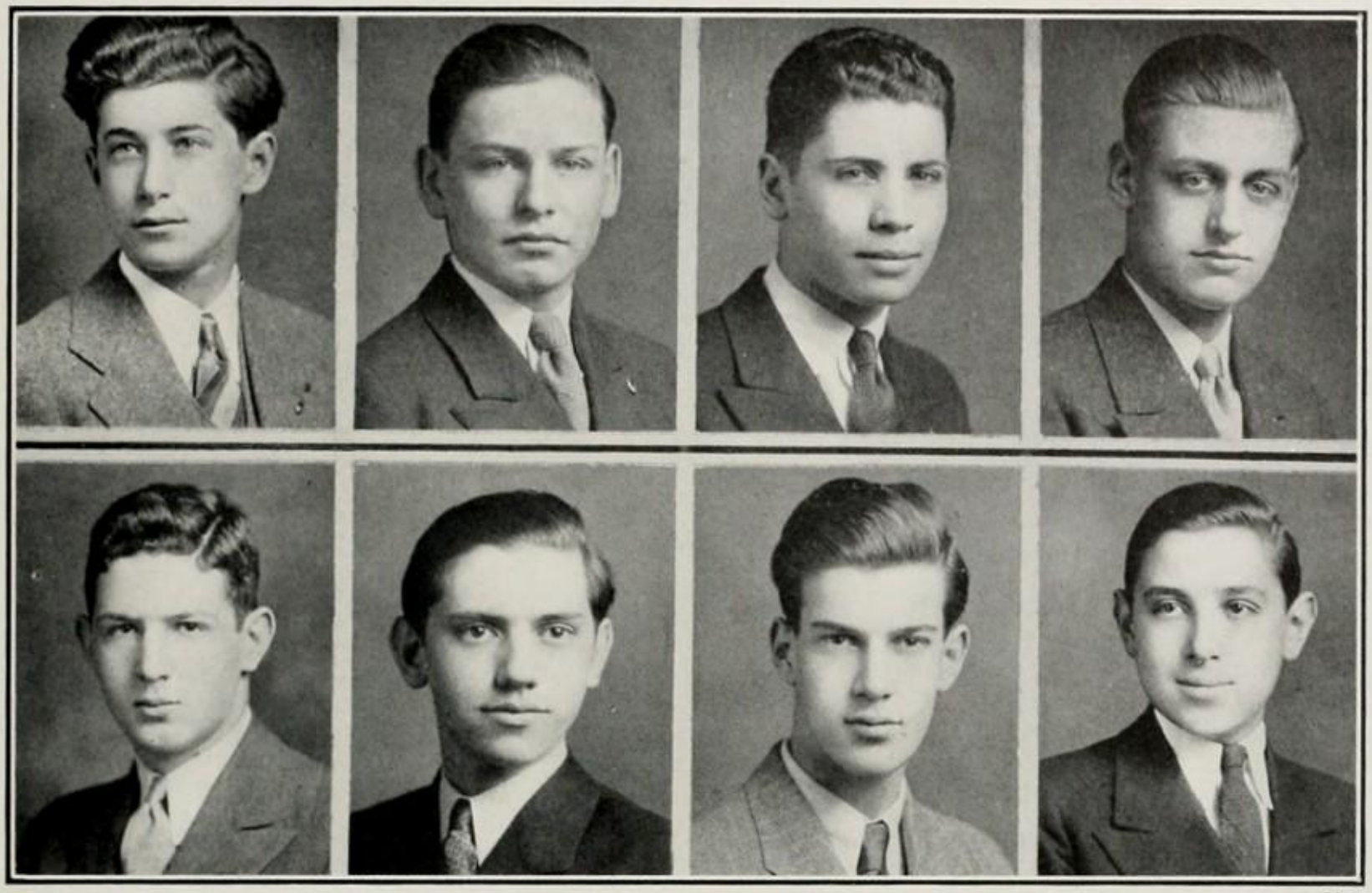
# THE SENIOR

There comes a time in the career of every Harrisite when he must leave high school to advance on the road to higher knowledge. At that time it is customary for him to look back and see what he has gained during his three years stay in secondary school. His past becomes an open book, as the worth of his every accomplishment is weighed in the light of what was expected of him.

When the June, 1936 Seniors take stock of what they have derived and what they have achieved, during their sojourn at Harris, they find that they have left behind an enviable record of which they long will be proud. Their scholastic accomplishments were unexcelled; but they have wisely gone beyond the realm of academics. The fact that so many members of the class entered into extra-curricular activities is an indication that they will, in later life, form a useful part of their community. Certainly the class has had more than its share of leaders, some of whom will continue, no doubt successfully, in the fiields in which they were active in Harris. At any rate, it is hard to imagine that those many boys who have so capably managed branches of student activity can fail to succeed in later life.

It remains only to be seen whether the Seniors are actually prepared for advancement. They have spent only three years at high school, instead of the usual four, and it is possible that they are not yet ready for college. However, they have on numerous occasions proved their maturity; they have shown that they are more than conscious of what is ahead of them.

We can thus safely say that every senior who is called up to receive his high school diploma on Commencement Day will deserve, to the fullest extent, the honor being conferred upon him.



# LEADERS

In each class a few boys, because of their abilities, stand out as leaders. They have taken a greater interest in extra-curricular activities and have accepted the responsibility of determining the career of their class. To them falls the blame when the class declines, and in like manner they receive the credit when it succeeds. In our class they have been

Lloyd Ulman—President of the General Organization, and of his class,

Abraham Lubarsky—Editor-in-chief of the Crimson and Gold, and Treasurer of the General Organization;

Joseph Buchler—Leader of the Arista Assembly, and President of the Senior Class;

Alan Otten—Treasurer of the General Organization, and of his class for four terms;

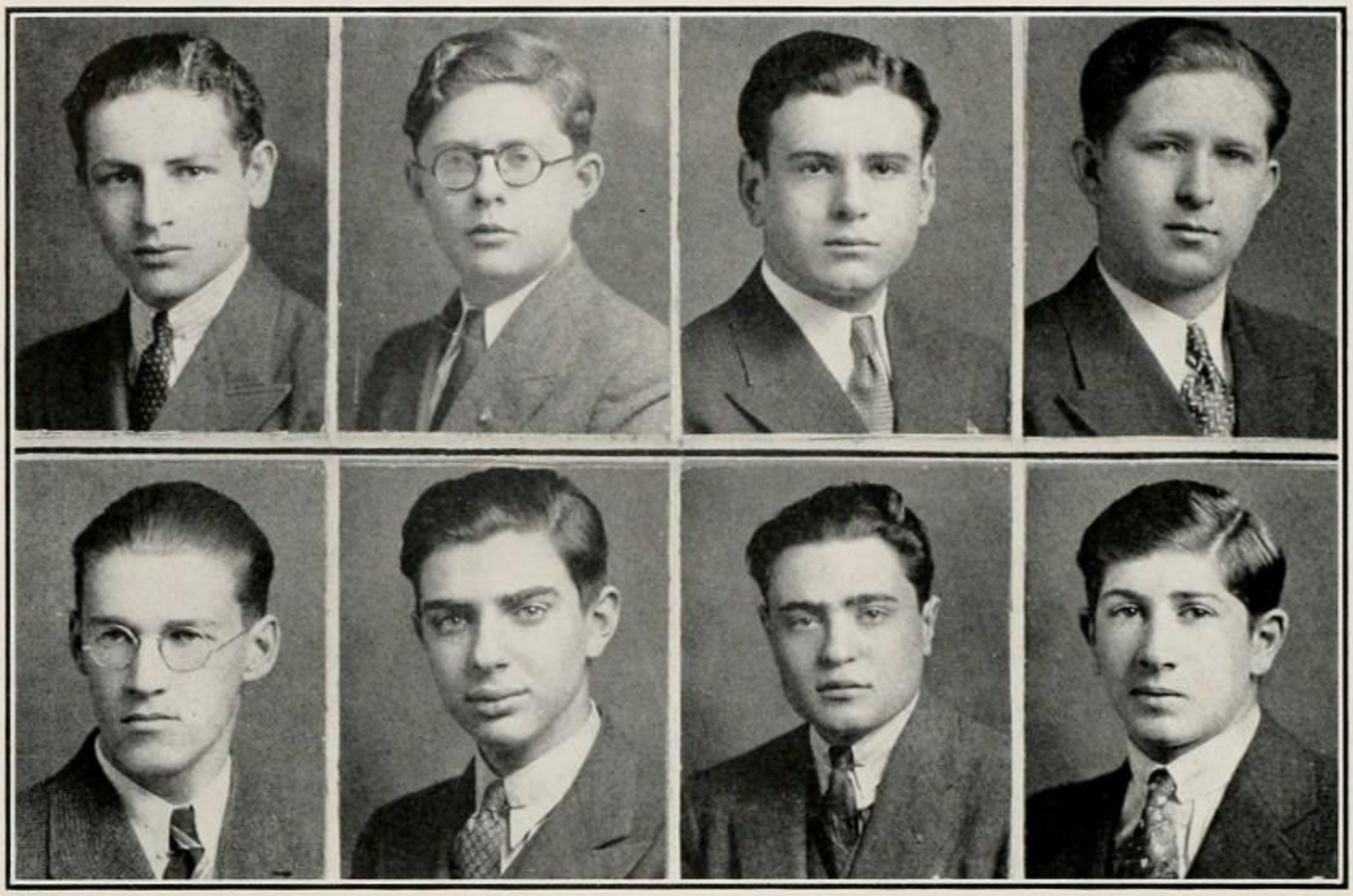
Austin Goldman—Editor-in-chief of the Stadium;

Daniel Rothbaum—Managing Editor of the Stadium;

Richard Reuben—Managing Editor of the Crimson and Gold;

Richard Stoller—Secretary of the General Organization, and Editor of the Handbook.

If our class has been outstanding in any respect, these boys deserve the praise.



GEORGE ADLER

Prima Ballerina

T.D. (2); Varsity Basketball (2); Block H; German Club; Class Teams (9)

RICHARD ARCHER

"I shot an arrow into the air . . ."

Literary Staff C. & C.; Varsity Fencing; Hi-Y Society; G.O. English Rep. (2)

NORMAN ALISBERG

Chubby is the word for Norman

German Club (3); Camera Club; Current History Society

KENNETH ARROW

Just a Whiz at Math

Math Team; French Club; Club Activities

JOSEPH ALPER

Any relation to Jetta?

Stadium Staff; Orchestra; German Club; Library Squad

SIDNEY ASCH

Ashes to Ashes

Literary Staff C. & G.; Stadium Staff, French Club; Hatikvah Society; Classical Society

BERTRAM APPELBAUM

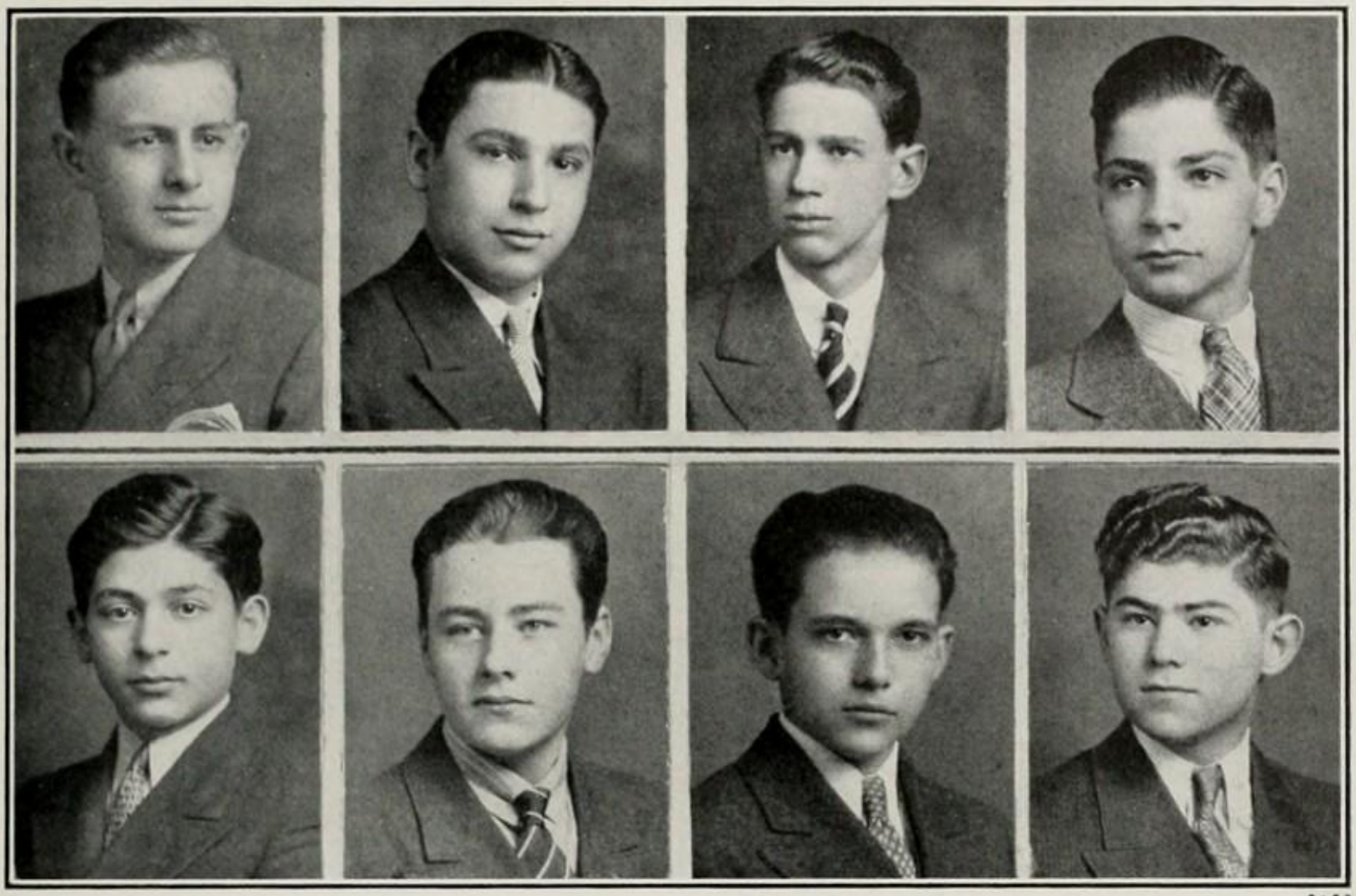
So much service for such a little boy

Board of Editors Stadium; English Rep. (3); Camera Club (2), Treasurer; German Club (4); Program Mgr.

SEYMOUR BALKIN

Catch as Catch can

Varsity Baseball (2), Captain; Block H (2); Varsity Swimming



LESLIE BALTER

. . . — — — . . .

President Radio Club (2); G.O. English Rep.; Science Club

HENRY BARONHOLTZ

Baronholtz—on to the money

Treasurer Spanish Club; T.D.; Information Bureau; Pan American Society; Chess and Checker Club

WILLIAM BARRY

"Idiot's Delight"

Sectional Activities

RICHARD BAUM

A fool there was, but it wasn't Richard

Business Staff Stadium; Classical Society; Science Club; Camera Club

HOWARD BERGER

His first name should be Ham

German Club (3); Journalism Club; Classical Society (2); Science Club

GEORGE BINNS

One of the 57 varieties

Club and Sectional Activities

RICHARD BROADMAN

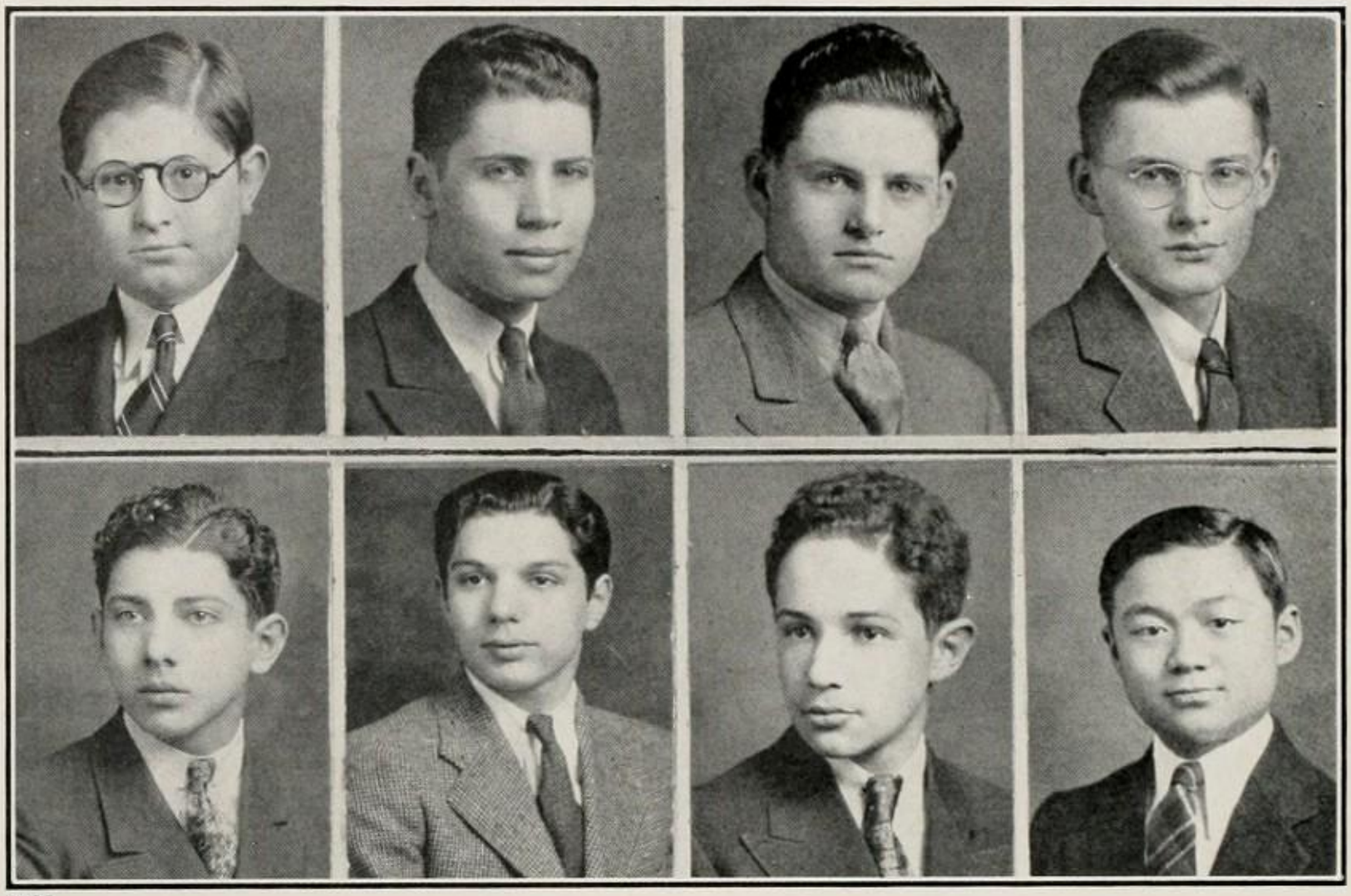
Ad Ad simile

Business Mgr. Stadium; Business Mgr. Handbook; Literary Staff C. & G.; Reportorial Staff Stadium; President Stamp and Coin Club; T.D. (3), Lieutenant

ARTHUR BRUCKNER

Too Bad he retired in Lower C

# JUNE 1936



SANFORD BRUCKNER

Tuxedo with knickers

French Club; G.O. English Rep.; Science Club

JOSEPH BUCHLER

Number 1 Man

Leader Arista; Secretary Arista; Class President (3); B'd of Editors Stadium; Circulation and Publicity Mgr. C. & G.; Minor, Class Service Pins; English Rep. (2)

SAMUEL CANTOR

He started at a cantor

Varsity Track; Varsity Basketball; Class Swimming (5), Baseball (2), Basketball; Class Numerals

WILLIAM CHAMPLIN

But not of St. Lawrence fame

English Rep.; Sectional Activities

JOEL CHAVIN

For shaving cream he proves a haven

Stamp and Coin Club (5), Treasurer; Hatikvah Society; G.O. English Rep.; Vice President Chess and Checker Club

HERBERT CHESKIN

Silly (?) Symphony

Orchestra; French Club; Class Handball, Basketball Teams

NEAL CHILTON

Wasn't he once president?

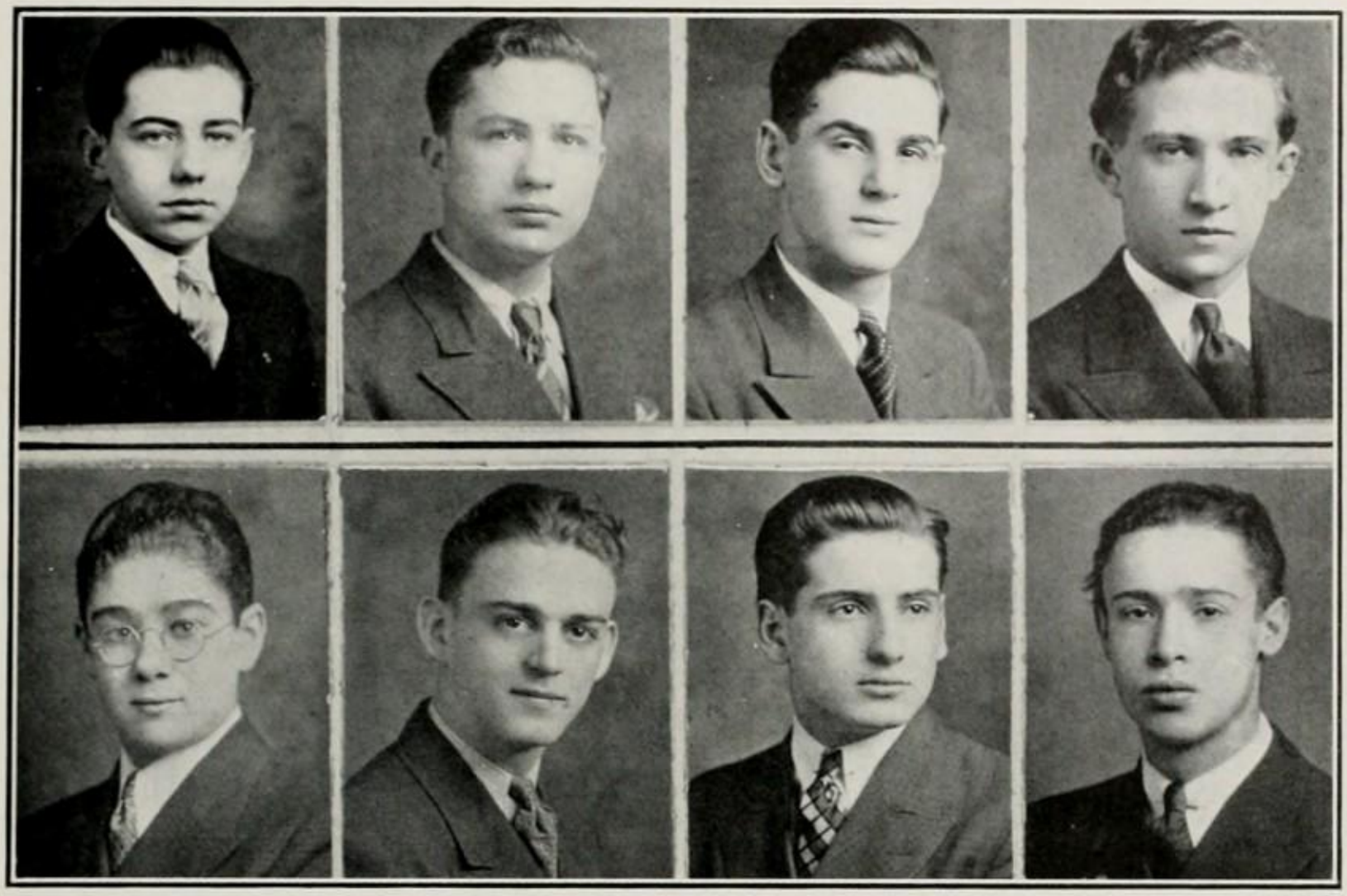
Class President; Law and Debating Society; Publicity B'd Varsity Show; English Rep.; Hatikvah Society; Ass't Mgr. Varsity Baseball; Art Society

FOO CHU

Another Harry Dong

Art Society (3); Stadium Staff; Club Activities

# SENIORS



JULIAN CODINA
Where's my picture?
French Club; Minor Activities

FRANK COHEN
I scream Cohen
Literary Staff C. & G. (2); French Club

VICTOR COHEN
We expect more of you
Spanish Club; Information Bureau; Class Teams

BERTRAM DRUCKER
An Harvard Man
Library Squad (6); Special Service Pin; Club Activities

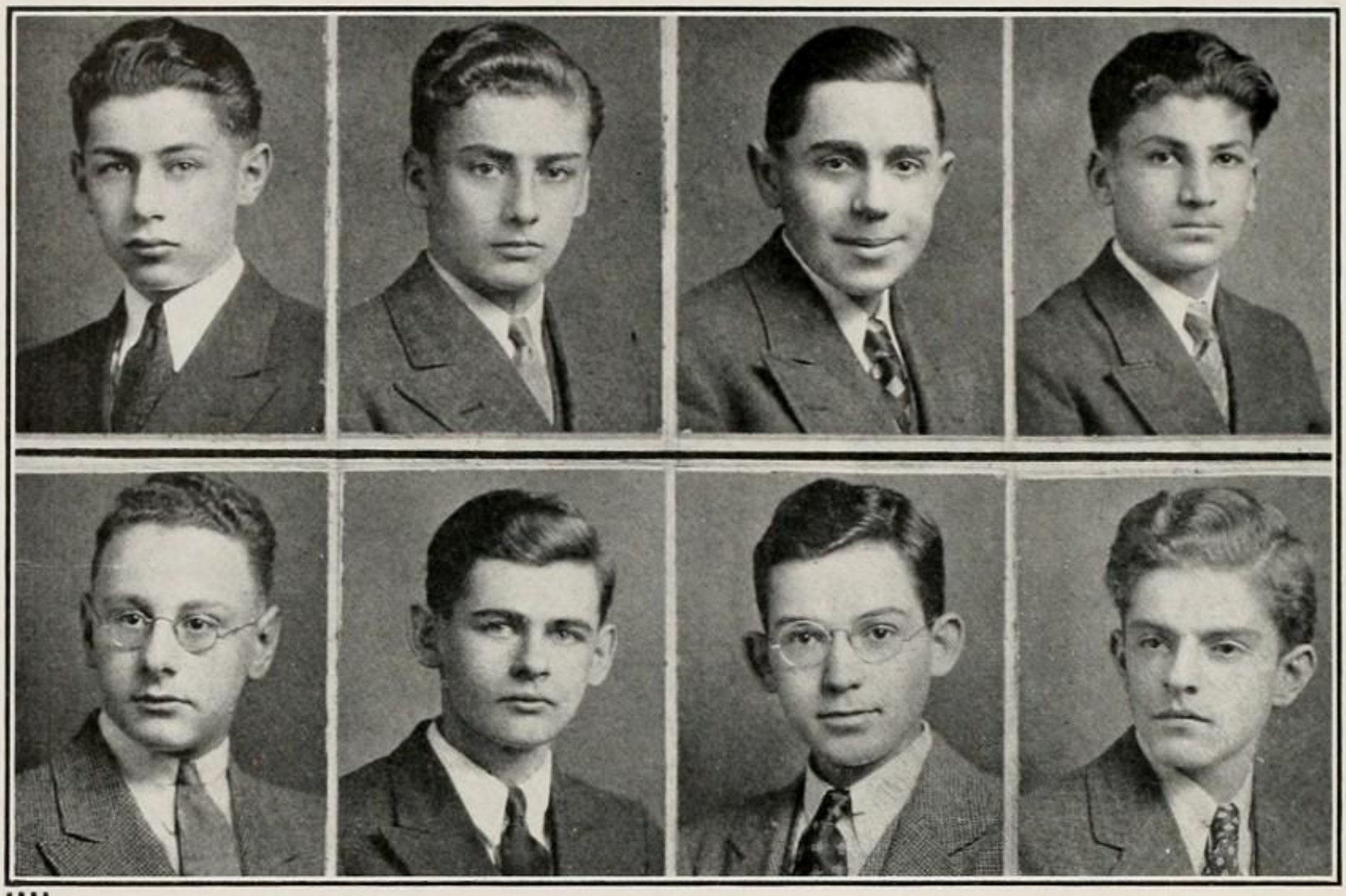
PAUL DUBROW
One of the upper class
Science Club; Classical Club; G.O. English Rep.; Class Handball Team

WILLIAM DUTCHEN
tHAT's tHAT
Arista; Varsity Baseball; Block H; Class Vice President (3); English Rep. (2); Chairman Senior Hat Comm.

MURRAY EISENBERG
He shaves with an acetyline torch
English Rep. (2); Class Athletic Mgr. (3); French Club; Class Basketball, Handball Teams; Pan American Society

MARTIN FEIGER
Fee, Fie, Foe, Feiger
Class Swimming (2); Classical Society (3); Pan American Society

# JUNE 1936



ARNOLD FEINBERG
Pan-Americana
Vice President, Treasurer, Pan-American Society; French Club (2); Hatikvah Society (2); Dramatic Society

WILLIAM FLEISCHMAN
Breast-Stroker Supreme
Class Athletic Manager; Varsity Swimming; Block H; Class Swimming (3), Baseball; Lieutenant T.D.

ELLIOTT FORGOSH
Wise Old Bird
Classical Society; Entrance Exam Squad

LEONARD FRANKENSTEIN
Of Cinema fame?
French Club (2); Class Swimming (5), Basketball, Baseball, Handball

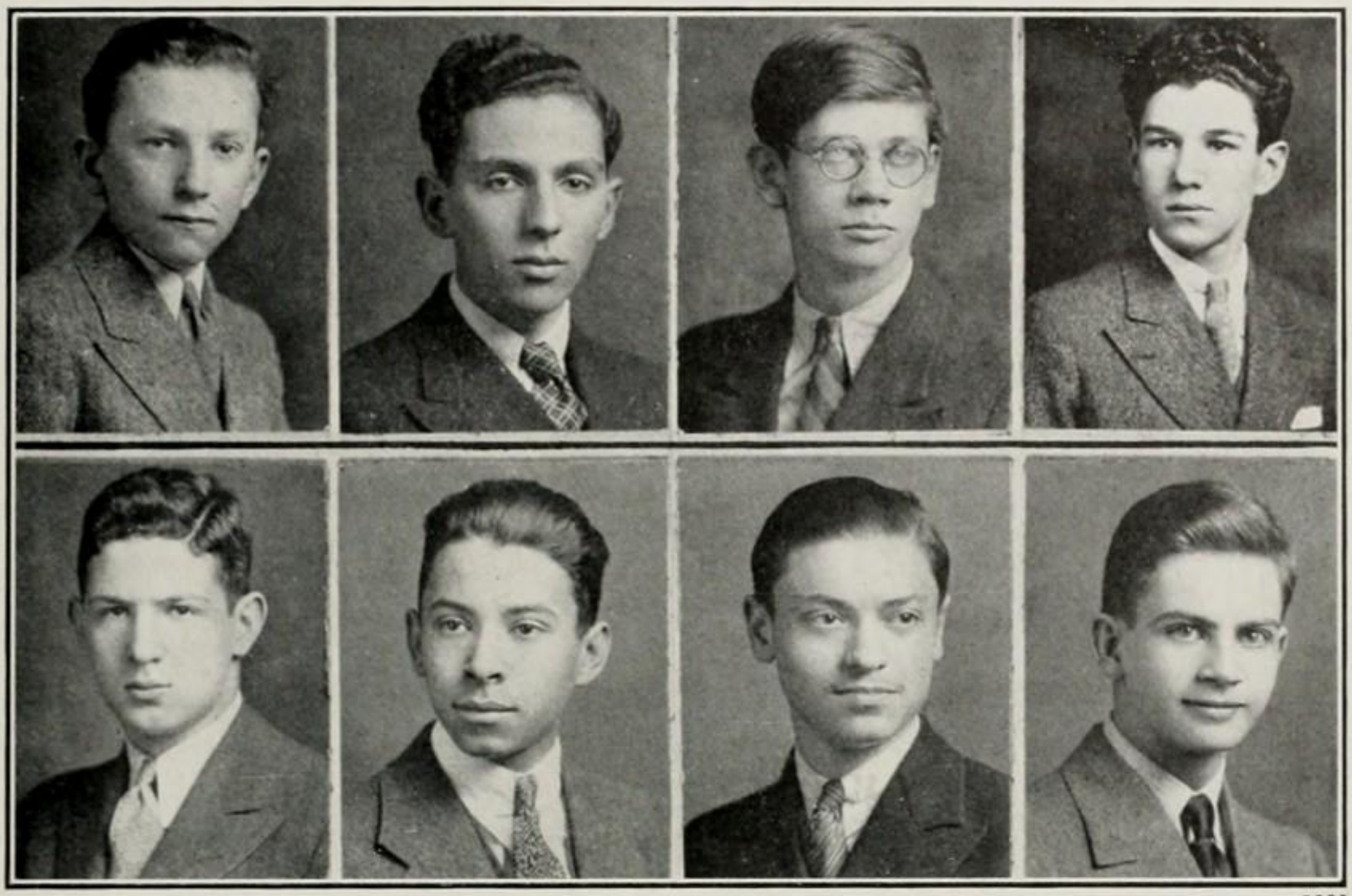
HENRY FREEDMAN
Ars gratia artis
Art Editor C. & G.; President, Secretary, Art Society; French Club; G.O. English Rep.; Stamp and Coin Club

MEYER FRISHKOFF
The last time we looked he needed a shave
French Club; Pan-American Society; Sectional Activities

KENNETH GANG
They ought to chain . . . Gang
Arista; President, Treasurer, Classical Society; President, Secretary, Treasurer, Science Club; B'd of Editors C. & G.; English Rep.; Special Service Pin

MILTON GEDZELMAN
Flat-foot
T.D. (3), Lieutenant, Captain; German Club

# SENIORS



STANLEY GERTZ

Pro or anti; take either side

Pan-American Society (3), Treasurer; Hatikvah Society; French Club; Current History Society

ABRAHAM GINSBERG

The Science Club meets

Publicity Mgr. Science Club (2); Library Squad (5)

RAYMOND GIRAUD

Rawthur

Art Society; Art Staff C. & G.; Dramatic Society (2), Program-Publicity Mgr.; Varsity Show (2); Special Service Pin

GERALD GLASSMAN

Is your father a glazier?

Club and Sectional Activities

AUSTIN GOLDMAN

Now I'm pretty liberal

Arista; Editor-in-Chief Stadium; Managing Editor Stadium; B'd of Editors Stadium (2); Stadium Staff; President Class of Jan. 1936; Literary Staff C. & G.; Manager Tennis Varsity (2); Block H; Major, Minor Service Pins

JOSEPH GOLDZIEHER

Give myself a pat on the back

Varsity Fencing (3); Block H; T.D. (3), Lieutenant; Technical Staff C. & G.; Class Swimming; Stamp and Coin Club; Science Club

ROBERT GREEN

Green grow the lilacs

Classical Club (2); Science Club

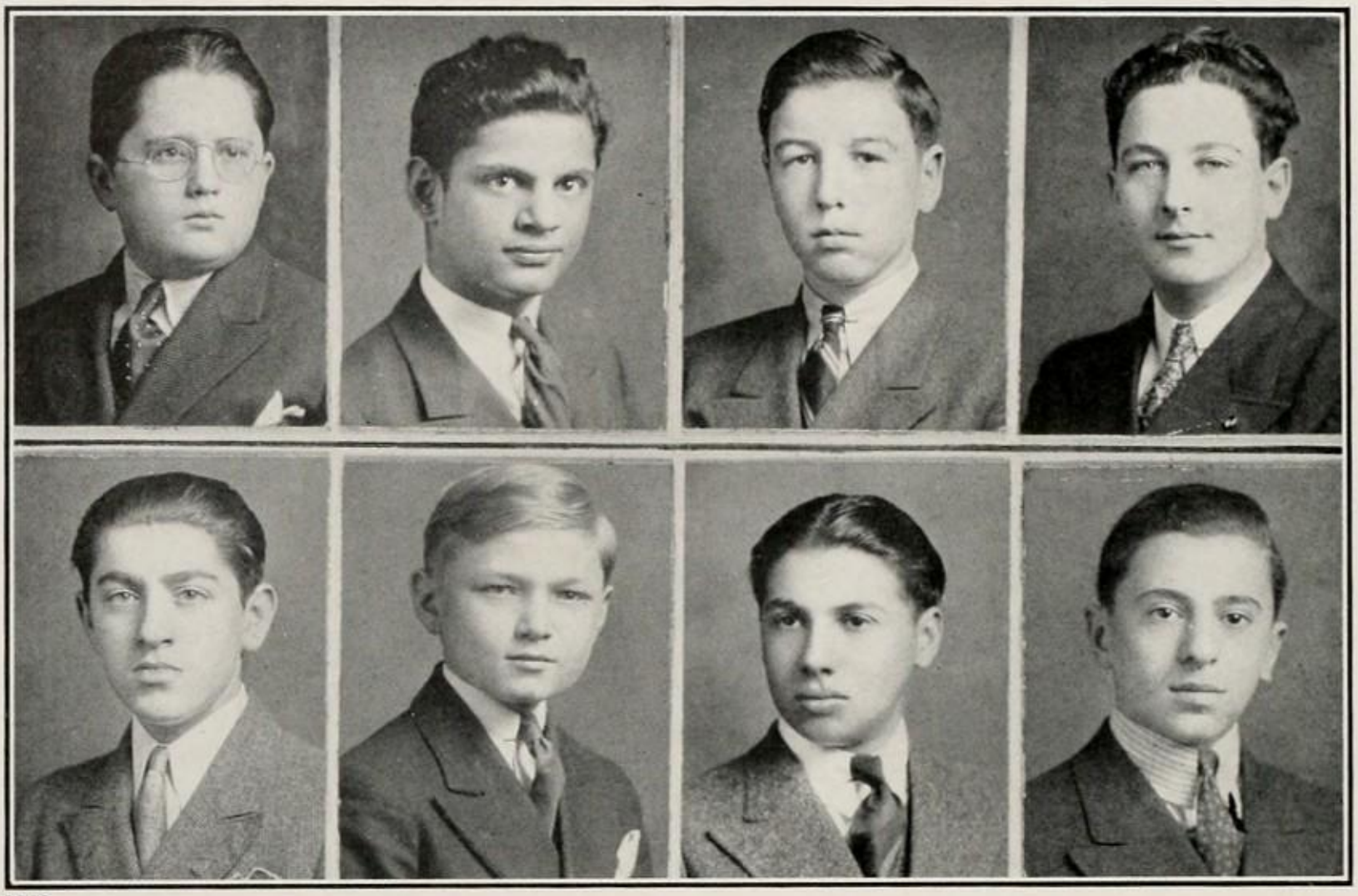
NEWTON GRESSER

A natty dresser

Is our friend Gresser

Camera Club; French Club (2); Information Bureau; G.O. English Rep.

# JUNE 1936



MILTON GRESSOR

The complexity of Youth

Information Bureau; G.O. English Rep.; Club Activities

MURRAY HANS

We washed our Hans and can't do a thing with 'em

French Club; T. D.

MURRAY GROBSTEIN

Some Class

Art Staff C. & G.; Art Society (3); English Rep. (2); Class Numerals; Pan-American Society

GEORGE HARTMAN

Whitey

German Club (4); Hi-Y Society; Pan-American

JOSEPH HAIMES

No running in the halls

T.D. (2); English Rep.; Special Service Pin; Club Activities

HERBERT HODASH

Not as idle as he seems

Club Activities

SIDNEY HALPERN

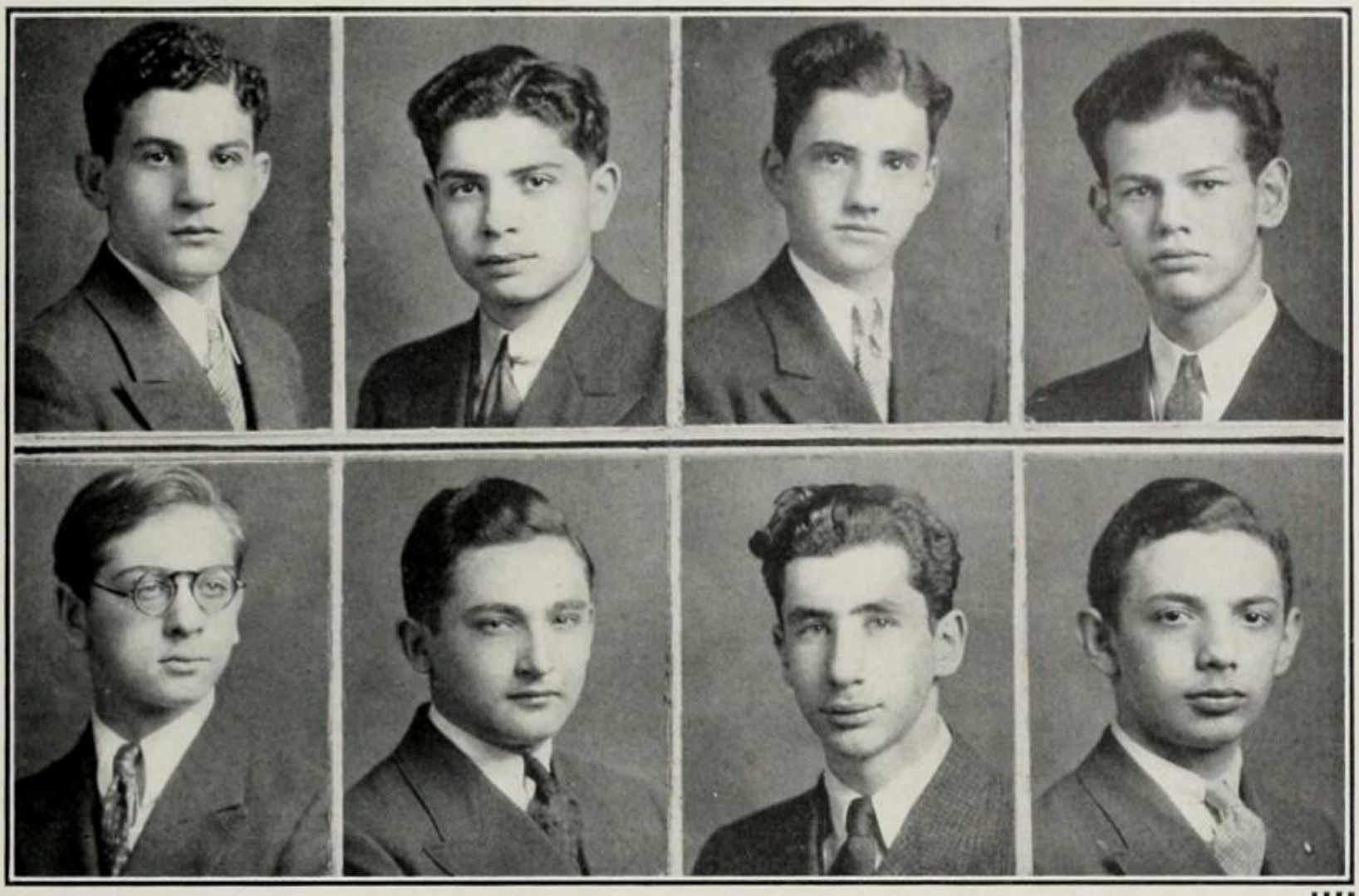
My how you've grown

Arista; G.O. Athletic Delegate; Class G. O. Rep.; Class Vice President; English Rep. (3); Manager Basketball Varsity (3); Block H; B'd of Editors C. & G.; Stadium Staff

LEONARD HOROWITZ

Just a nice guy

T.D. (2), Lieutenant; G.O. English Rep. (2); Blue and Silver



AARON JACOBS

King, Queen and Joker

Chess and Checker Club (4), President; Chess Team; T.D.

SAMUEL JACOBS

Maybe he likes baseball

Manager Varsity Baseball (2); Block H; Varsity Baseball

DONALD JACOBY

A man's best friend is his Mutter

Arista; Varsity Track (2); English Rep.; Treasurer-Secretary Science Club; Classical Society; Stamp and Coin Club

MORTON JUNGER

Darling, I am growing older

Blue and Silver; Club and Sectional Activities

JOSEPH KAPLAN

Just a real, busy fellow

English Rep. (2); Classical Society (3); Science Club (2)

MILTON KAPLAN

Small slam in Clubs

French Club; Pan-American Society; Hatikvah Society; Pet and Aquarium Club; Classical Society

PHILIP KASS

Squads Right

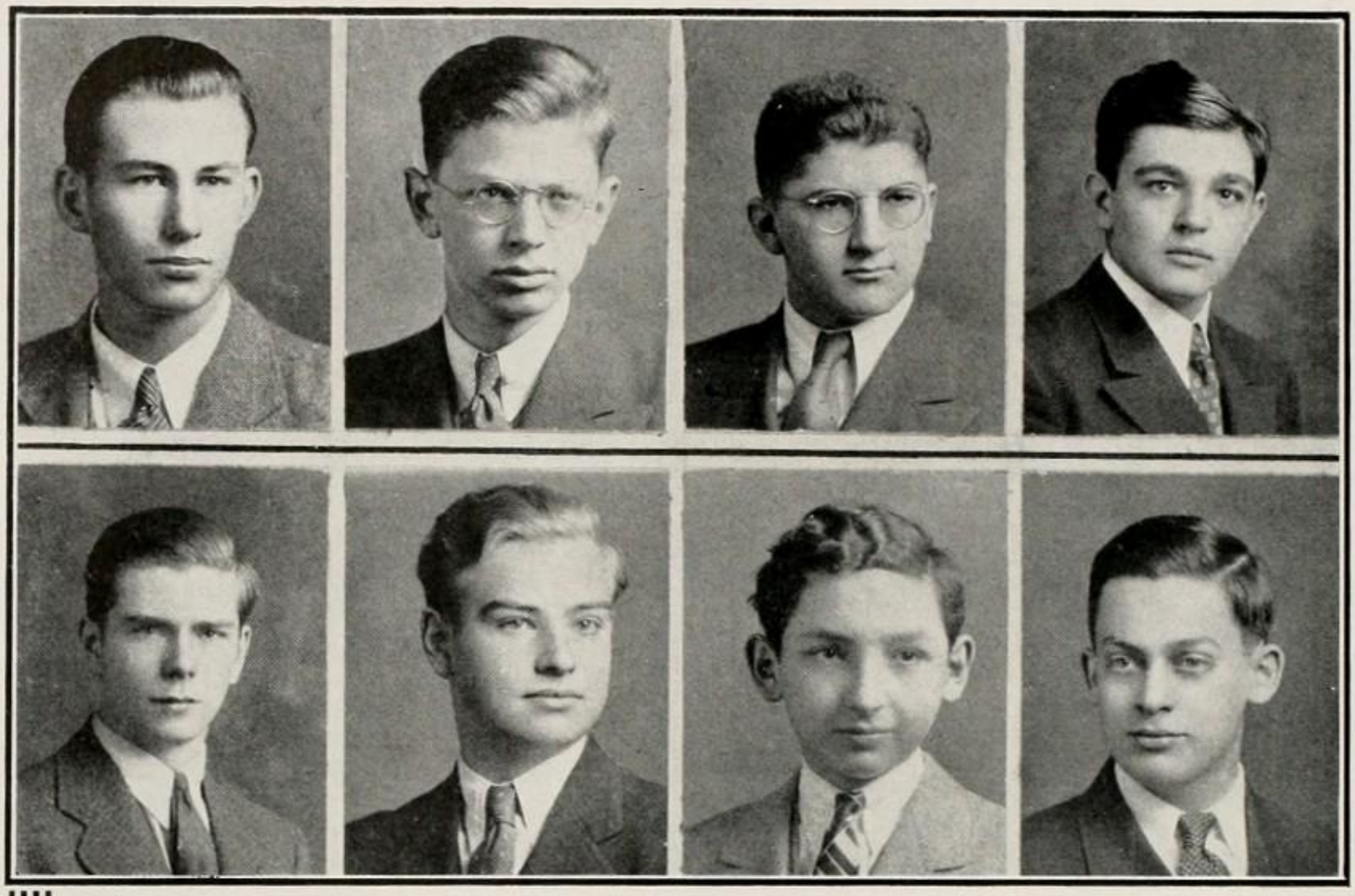
Varsity Track; Treasurer Stamp and Coin Club; French Club; Library Squad; Entrance Exam Squad

DAVID KATZ

Wild Katz, the Mountain Lion

Stamp and Coin Club; French Club

# JUNE 1936



WILLIAM KNOBEL

Harris' Knobelity

Minor Activities

LEONARD KOENIG

Jack of all trades

Varsity Basketball (5); Varsity Track; English Rep.; Class Teams; Class Numerals; Secretary Spanish Club; Chess & Checker Club (2)

ARNOLD KORNFELD

Look at the birdie

Technical Staff C. & G.; Secretary Camera Club; T.D. (2); Information Bureau, Class Swimming

GEORGE KOUSHNAREFF

The Mad Russian

G.O. English Rep.; Minor Activities

WARREN KRAEMER

Button, Button, Who's got the Senior Button?

Arista; Class G.O. Rep.; Special Service Pin; Varsity Swimming; Block H; Stadium Staff; Library Squad (6); Lieutenant T.D.

MARTIN LAMB

Well, he DID come in like a lion

T.D. Hatikvah Society; Spanish Club, French Club

JACK LAUFER

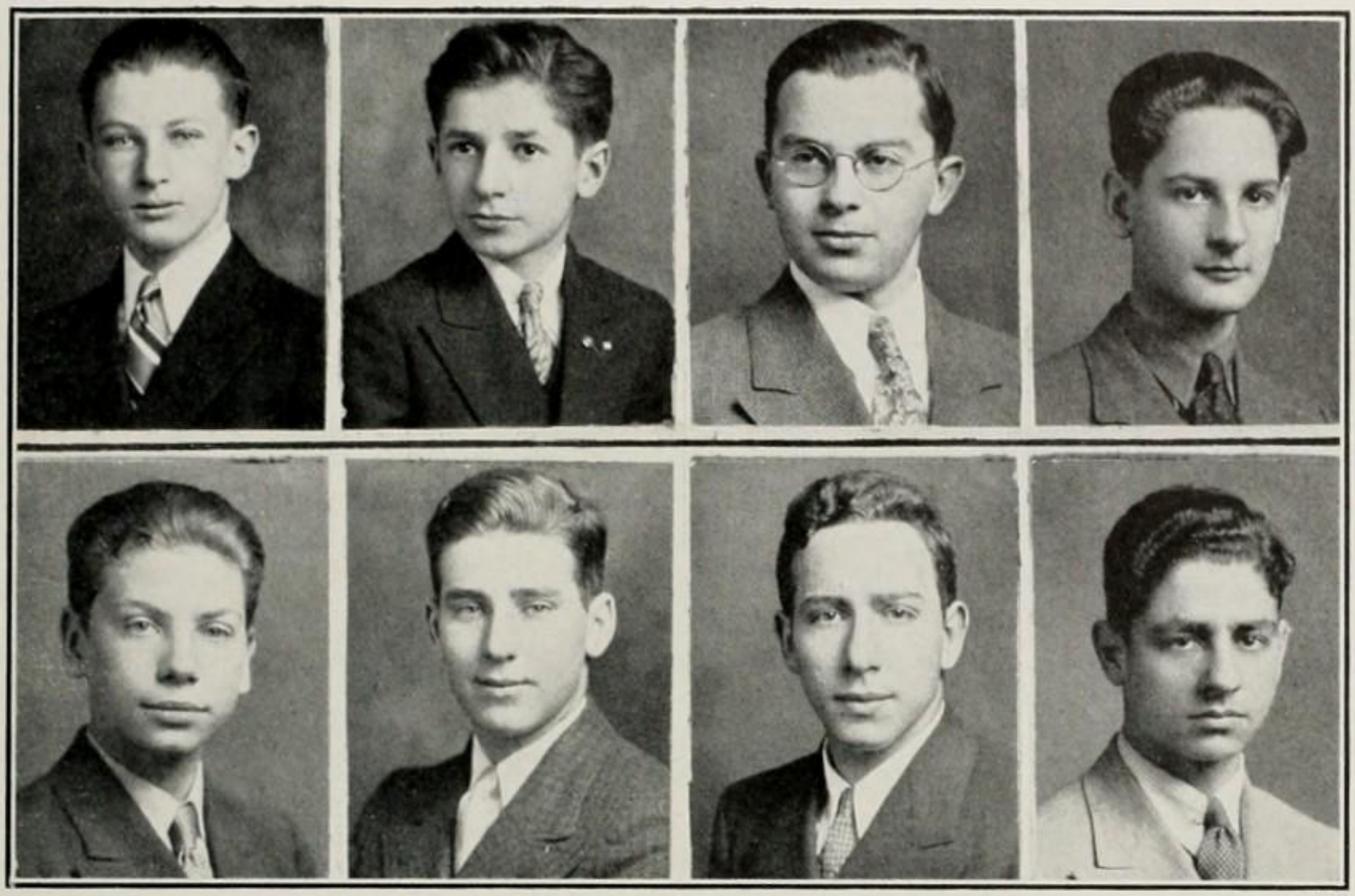
M. Zacharie spells it Loafer

Sectional activities

MAIMON LEAVITT

Leavitt alone

Science Club (4); German Club (4); Library Squad (2); T.D.; Information Bureau; Camera Club



MARTIN LESSEN

He and Einstein

Art Society; Varsity Track, Baseball

PAUL LEVITZ

How's by you?

Club Activities

MORTON LEVINE

Tom-Thumb—another quiet boy

CHARLES LEVY

Swimming's becoming a halibut

Class Swimming (3), Captain; Varsity Swimming (3); French Club

MURRAY LEVINE

Chubby Cherub

Photography Editor C. & G.; English Rep.; Classical Society (3); Art Society (3); Pan-American Society (2)

LEONARD LEVY

He talks a good game anyway

Varsity Track (6); President Hatikvah Society; President Pan American Society; Editor "Pan-American"

MELVIN LEVITT

He played a melo-role

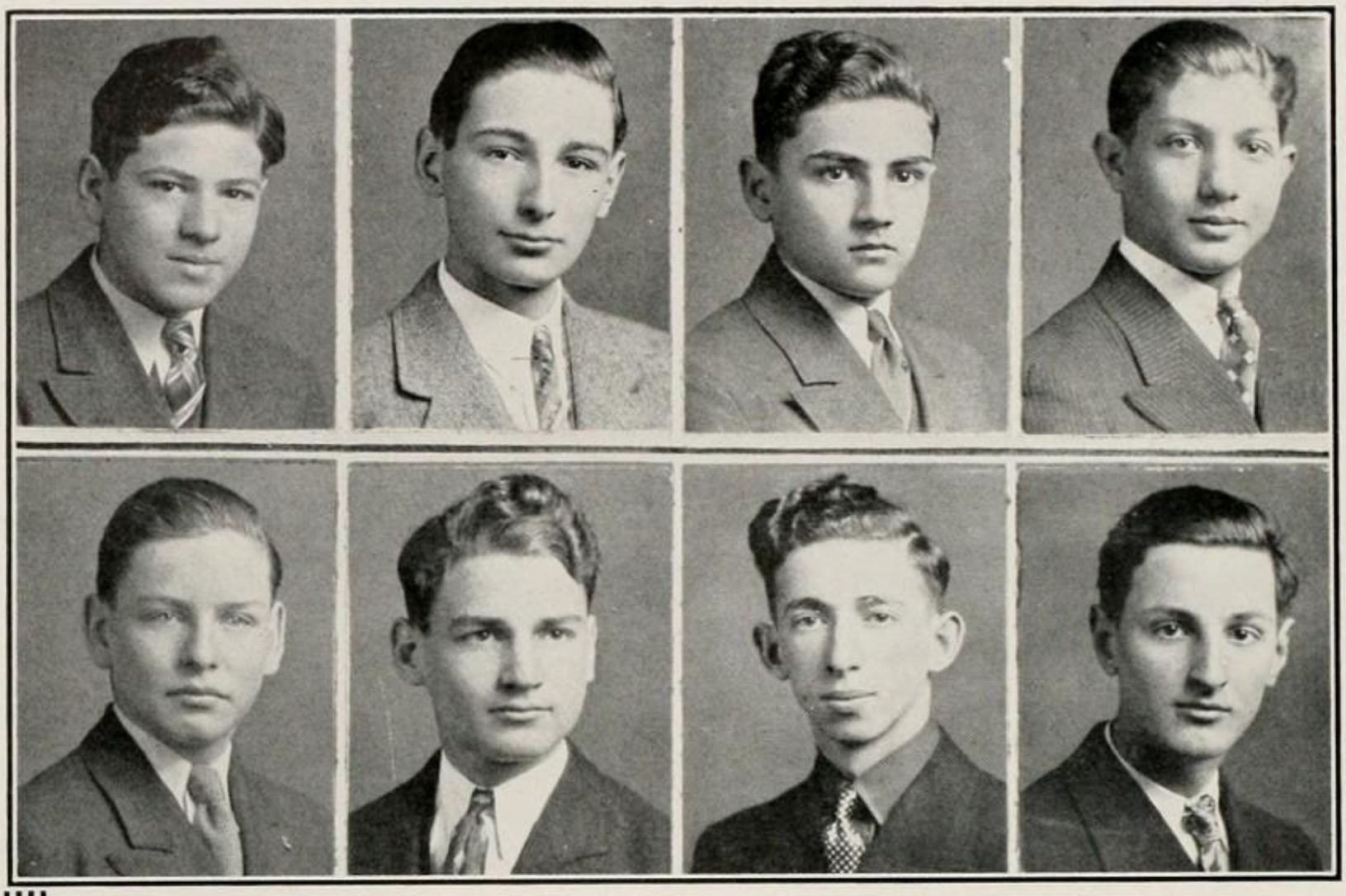
English Rep.; Chess Team; Law and Debating Society; Pan-American Society; Chess and Checker Club

HERBERT LIEBERMAN

Bells on his toes and rings under his eyes

Club and Minor Activities

# JUNE 1936



HERBERT LIEBMAN

But Mr. Liebman . . .

Sectional and Club Activities

LAWRENCE LIEBMAN

Boatride? So were hundreds of others

G.O. Eng. Rep. (2); Pan-American Society; Boatride; Sectional Activities

SIMON LIPPA

Look before you lippa

Library Squad (4); Pet and Aquarium Club; Sectional Activities

SIDNEY LIST

Not last but list

English Rep. (2); Classical Society; Hatikvah Society (2); Class Basketball (5); Varsity Basketball; T.D.

ABRAHAM LUBARSKY

Abe Lubarsky, what a guy!

Politics and Litterae.

Editor-in-Chief C. & G.; Treasurer Arista; Treasurer G.O.; Associate Editor C. & G. (2); G.O. Publications Delegate; B'd of Editors Stadium (2); Class G.O. Rep., Secretary, Treasurer; Chairman G.O. Handbook Comm.; Major, Minor Service Pins

SEYMOUR MANN

"Respectfully submitted"

Arista; Secretary G.O.; Mgr. G.O. Service Bureau; Stadium Staff; Varsity Fencing; Ass't Director Entrance Exam Squad; Minor, Special Service Pins

JOSEPH MARKOWITZ

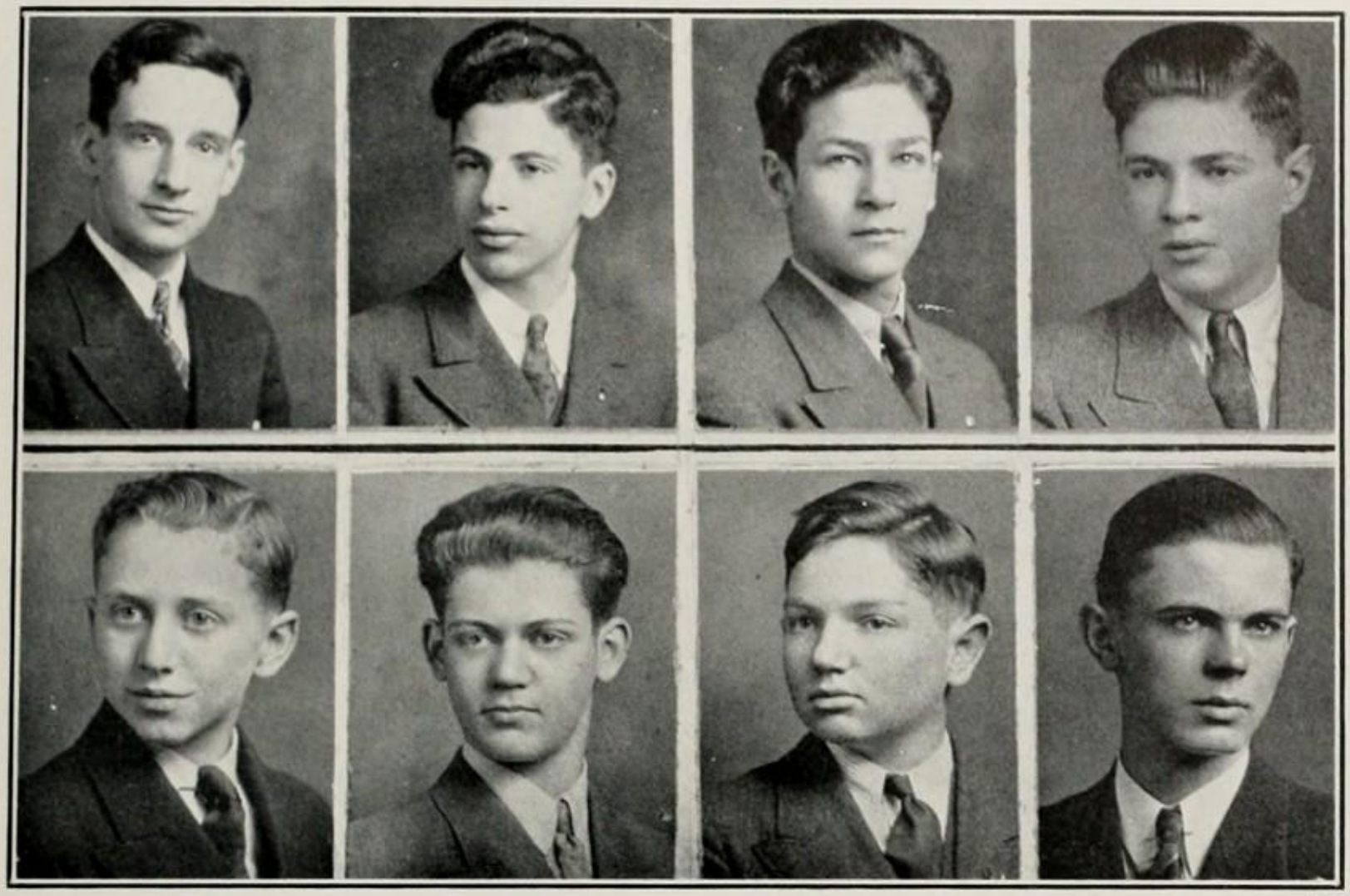
All opposed say "nay"

Varsity Track; Class Debating (2); English Rep. (2); T.D. (2); Hatikvah Society; Law and Debating Society

HENRY MATHUSEK

Ja Wohl

German Club (5), President; T.D.; Classical Society



RICHARD MAY
April Showers . . .
Sectional Activities

HARRIS MAYER
Conscientious Objector
Arista; G.O. Service Delegate; Director Entrance Exam Squad; G.O. Service Agent; Manager G.O. Service Bureau; Special Service Pin

ROBERT MEISNER
True to type
Arista; Technical Editor C. & G.; Stadium Staff; Class non-Athletic Manager (2); Class Handball (4); Clubs; Eng. Rep.; Class Numerals

SHERWOOD MENKES
Theodozian
Advertising Staff Stadium; English Rep.; French Club; German Club; T.D.; Information Bureau; Library Squad

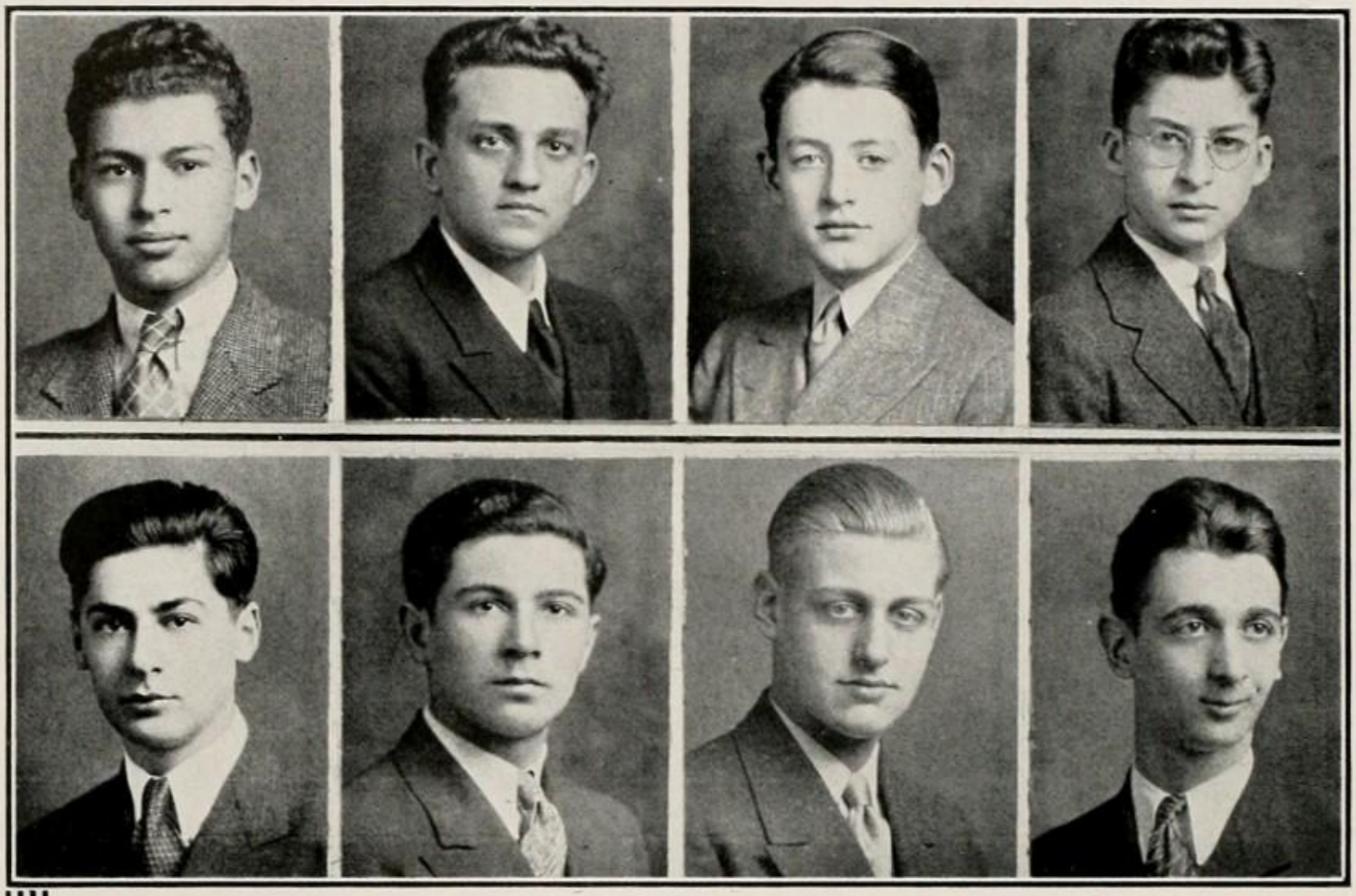
MARTIN MEYER
Knee High to a coulomb
Club and Sectional Activities

MURRAY MICHELSON
Silence is golden
Club Activities

SAUL MINDLIN
Fair to Mindlin
Literary Staff C. & G. (2); Classical Society (2); Hatikvah Society

ROBERT MITCHELL
En garde
Captain, Manager, Varsity Fencing; Block H; Vice President German Club; T.D.

# JUNE 1936



BERNARD MORGENSTERN

J. P.

Stamp and Coin Club; French Club

FRED MOSKOWITZ

Well REPresented

English Rep.; President, Vice President, Secretary Chess and Checker Club; Hatikvah Society; Arts and Letters Society; G.O. English Rep.

FRANK MOXLEY

Sleight of hand, but not of brain

Chess Team; Chess and Checker Club; G.O. English Rep.

GEORGE NISSENSON

Cayuga playboy

Pan American Society; Spanish Club; French Club

DAVID NOVICK

Check Mate

Captain Chess Team; President Chess and Checker Club

JEROME OBERMAN

Information, please

Varsity Baseball (2); Varsity Basketball; Ass't Director Information Bureau; Captain T.D.; Class Secretary; English Rep.; Class Teams

ALAN OTTEN

Treasurer of class and G.O.;
His musical scale starts with do

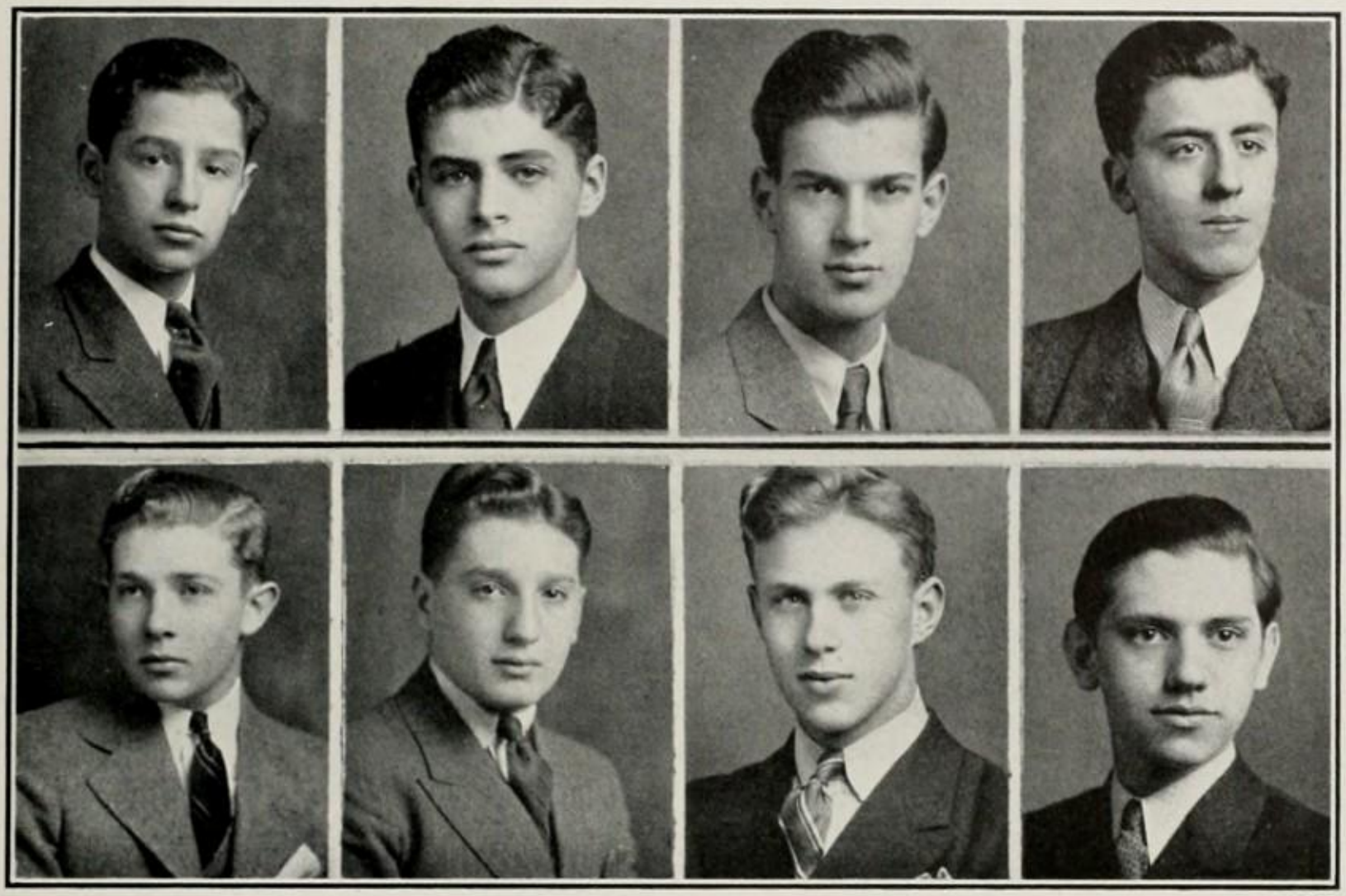
Treasurer Arista; Treasurer G.O.; Class Treasurer (4); Associate Editor C. & G.; B'd of Editors C. & G.; B'd of Editors Stadium; Literary Staff C. & G.; English Rep.; Minor, Class, Service Pins

JOSEPH PELLICANE

How do you pronounce it?

Founder Pet and Aquarium Club; President Pet and Aquarium Club (3); Art Staff C. & G.; Varsity Fencing; Special Service Pin; Treasurer Art Society

# SENIORS



DONALD PHILLIPS

Electric Questionaire?

Dramatic Society; German Club; Classical Society; Science Club

MYRON QUITMAN

Methodical Myron

Arista; English Rep. (2); Associate Editor Blue and Silver (3); Class Teams

RICHARD REUBEN

How does he manage it?

Secretary Arista; Managing Editor C. & G.; B'd of Editors C. & G.; Literary Staff C. & G.; B'd of Editors Stadium; Class Secretary; English Rep. (2); Major Service Pin

JOHN RIPANDELLI

Return of the native

Literary Staff C. & G.; G.O. English Rep. (2); Science Club; French Club; Math Team

CHARLES ROCKS

He doesn't dive like one

Class Swimming; Varsity Swimming; French Club

LEON ROSEN

Love me, love my thorns

Club Activities

MURRAY ROSENBERG

He'll sing anything but "Far Far Away"

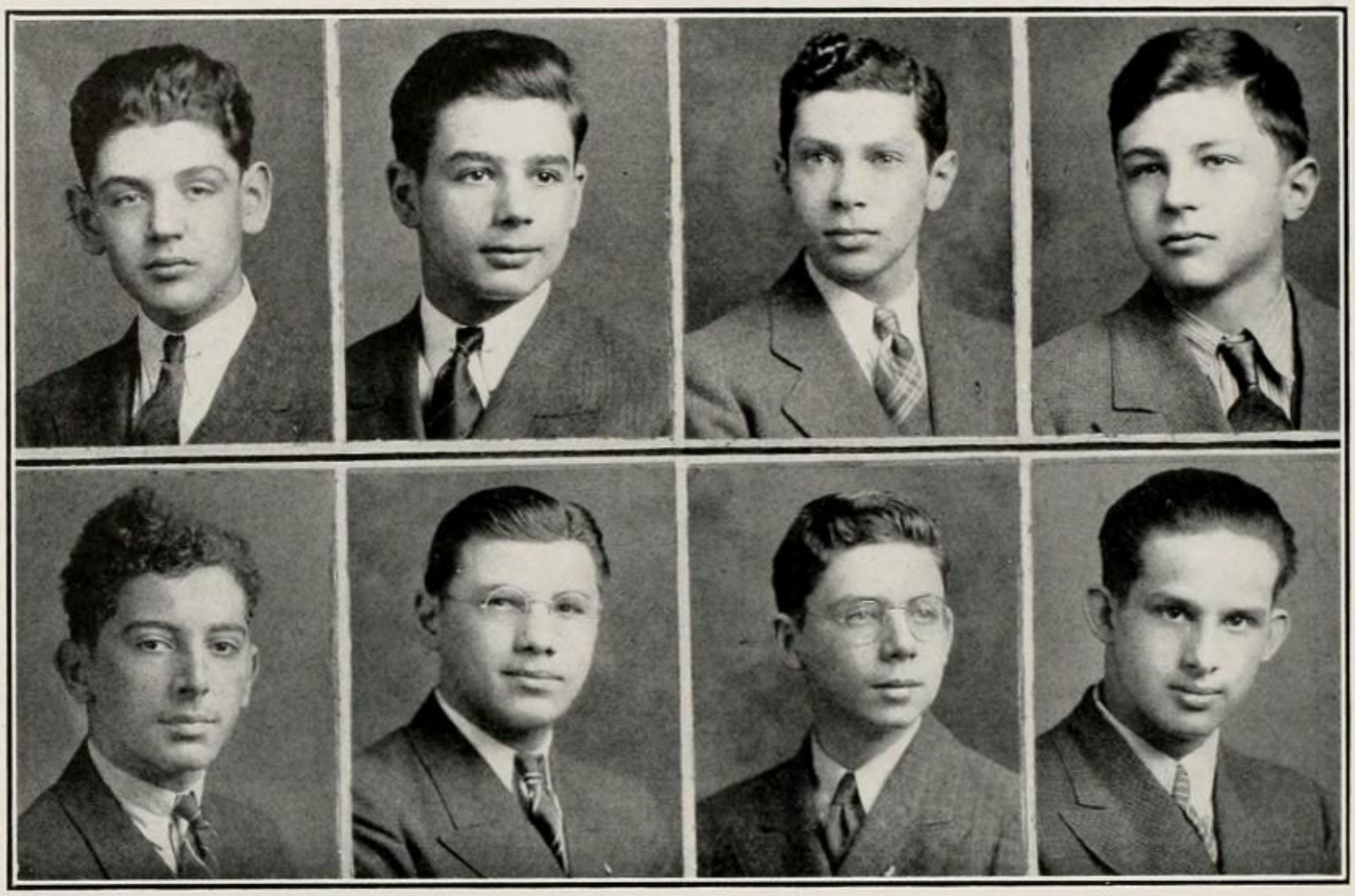
Captain Varsity Soccer; Varsity Baseball, Basketball, Track; Block H (3); T.D.

DANIEL I. ROTHBAUM

The man who pulls the strings

Arista; Managing Editor Stadium; Executive B'd Stadium; B'd of Editors Stadium; Senior Editor C. & G.; Literary Staff C. & G.; Editorial Staff of Stadium; English Rep. (4); Master of Ceremonies L.A. Banquet; Major, Minor, Service Pins

# JUNE 1936



RICHARD ROTHBAUM

A philatelist of the phirst order

Stamp and Coin Club (6), President; Editor "Collector"; G.O. English Rep. (2)

HARVEY ROTHSCHILD

James' rubber stamp

Library Squad; Varsity Swimming

JOSEPH RUBENSON

His alphabet ends at B(ea)

Arista; Minor Service Pin; President Camera Club; Photographic Scenes Editor C. & G.; Stadium Staff; English Rep. (2); Program Mgr. Camera Club (3)

HAROLD SACKS

His voice hasn't changed yet

Sectional Activities

HYMAN SATANOFSKY

Get thee behind me Satanofsky

Advertising Staff C. & G. (4); Advertising Staff Stadium; Library Squad (4); Journalism Club; French Club

HAROLD SCHENKER

Cunningham plus Venzke equals Schenker

Varsity Track (2); German Club; Chess and Checker Club

MURRAY SHEPP

He must have had M. Courtines

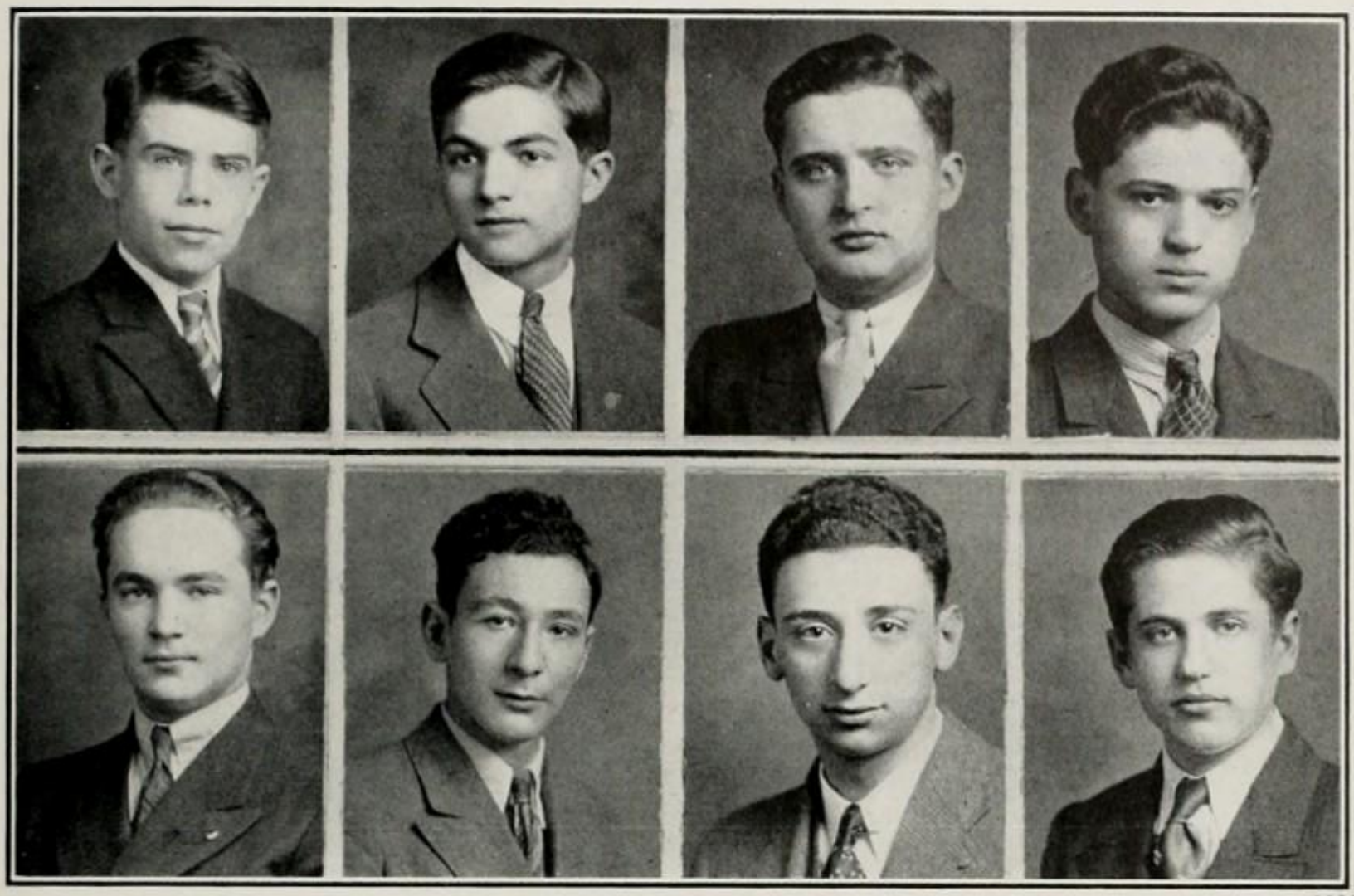
Arista; French Club; (4), President, Vice President; English Rep. (2); Classical Society; Science Club

HOWARD SCHLESINGER

He corrects a wicked galley

Stadium Staff; French Club

# SENIORS



ROBERT SCHEULER

A gentleman and a Scheuler

German Club (2); Secretary Pet and Aquarium Club

HAROLD SCHULMAN

The baseball team needs some of his runs

Varsity Track (2); T.D. (2); Lieutenant; Blue and Silver; Clubs

JACOB SHAPIRO

April Fool

Executive B'd Stadium; Feature Editor, Technical Editor, Stadium; Stadium Staff; Literary Staff C. & G. (2); English Rep.; Class G.O. Rep.; Minor Service Pin

PAUL SHLOMOWITZ

The fighting Irish

Hatikvah Society (4); Varsity Soccer

NATHAN SIEGEL

The noblest Brooklynite of them all

Arista; Associate Editor Stadium; B'd of Editors C. & G.; Minor Service Pin; B'd of Editors Stadium; Literary Staff C. & G.; Camera Club (3), Vice President, Secretary, Publicity Mgr.

NATHAN SIMAT

First speaker for the negative

Vice President Law and Debating Society; Class Debating (3); English Rep.; Stadium Staff (2); Hatikvah Society

JOSEPH SOLOMON

Tarzan of the baselines

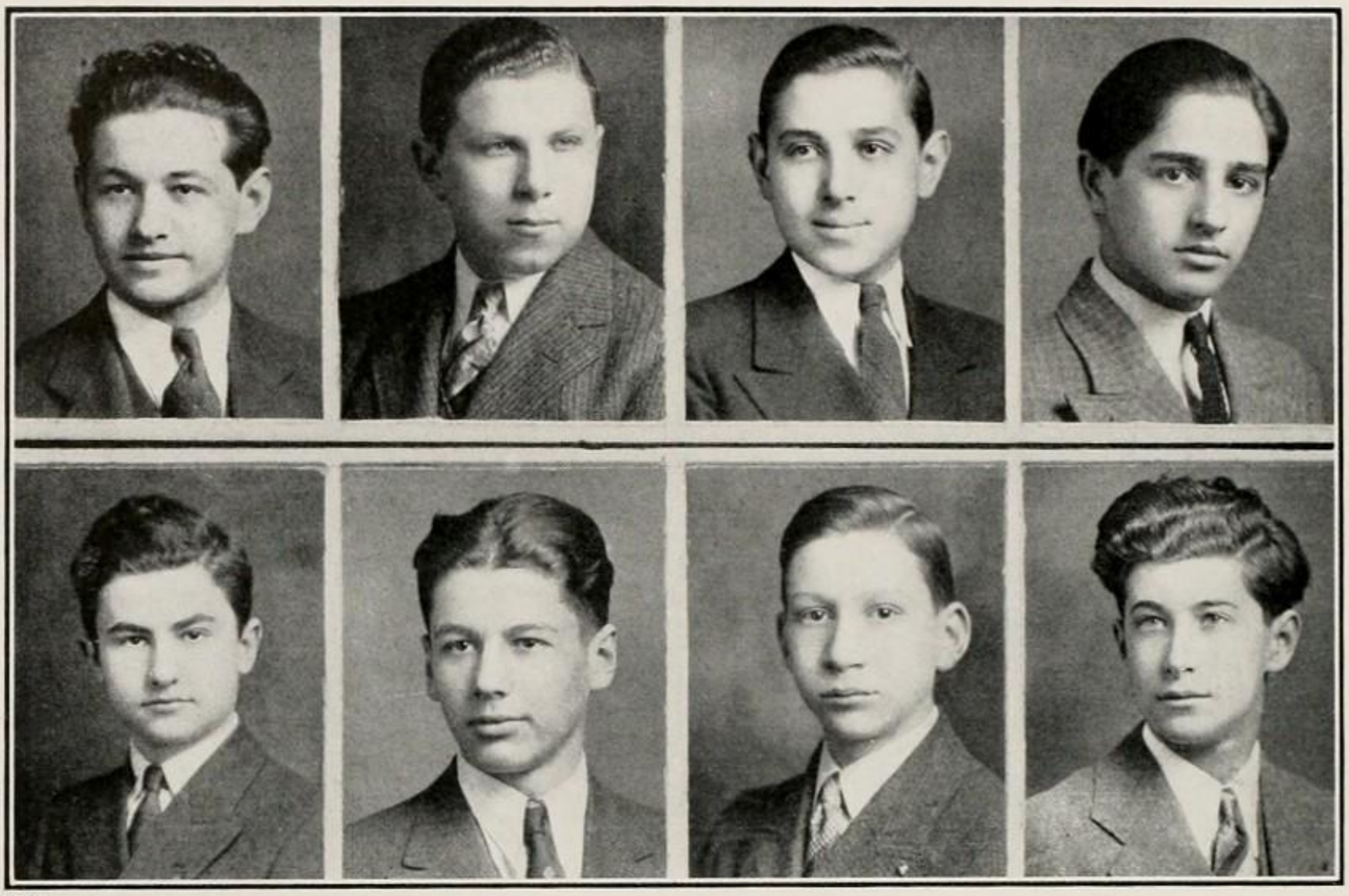
Class Vice President; French Club (2); Varsity Baseball (2); Block H; Minor Letter

LEO SPANDORF

A classic if there ever was one

Classical Society (3); Treasurer; Hatikvah Society(2); Chess and Checker Club (2); Entrance Exam Squad (5)

# JUNE 1936



BERTRAM SPIERER

Mandrake

Dramatic Society; English Rep.; Entertainer L. A. Banquet

MURRAY STEINBERG

Just a pebble on the beach

Classical Society (2); Science Club; Information Bureau; Business B'd Handbook

RICHARD STOLLER

Little fish in a big pond

Arista; Editor-in-Chief Handbook; Secretary G.O.; Major, Minor, Special Service Pins; Executive B'd Stadium (2); Associate Editor C. & G.; Stadium Staff; Literary Staff C. & G. (2); Class G.O. Rep.; Editor Blue and Silver (5); Class Service Pin

GERALD SULTAN

Harris' Harem

Dramatic Society; Associate Editor Blue and Silver (2); English Rep.

SIDNEY TAUBENSCHLAG

Son of old Erin

French Club; Spanish Club

MORTON TEICHER

Yer Out!

English Rep. (2); Literary Staff C. & G.; Manager, Ass't Manager, Varsity Baseball; Publicity-Program Mgr. Journalism Society

NORMAN TOPPER

¿Habla Vd. español?

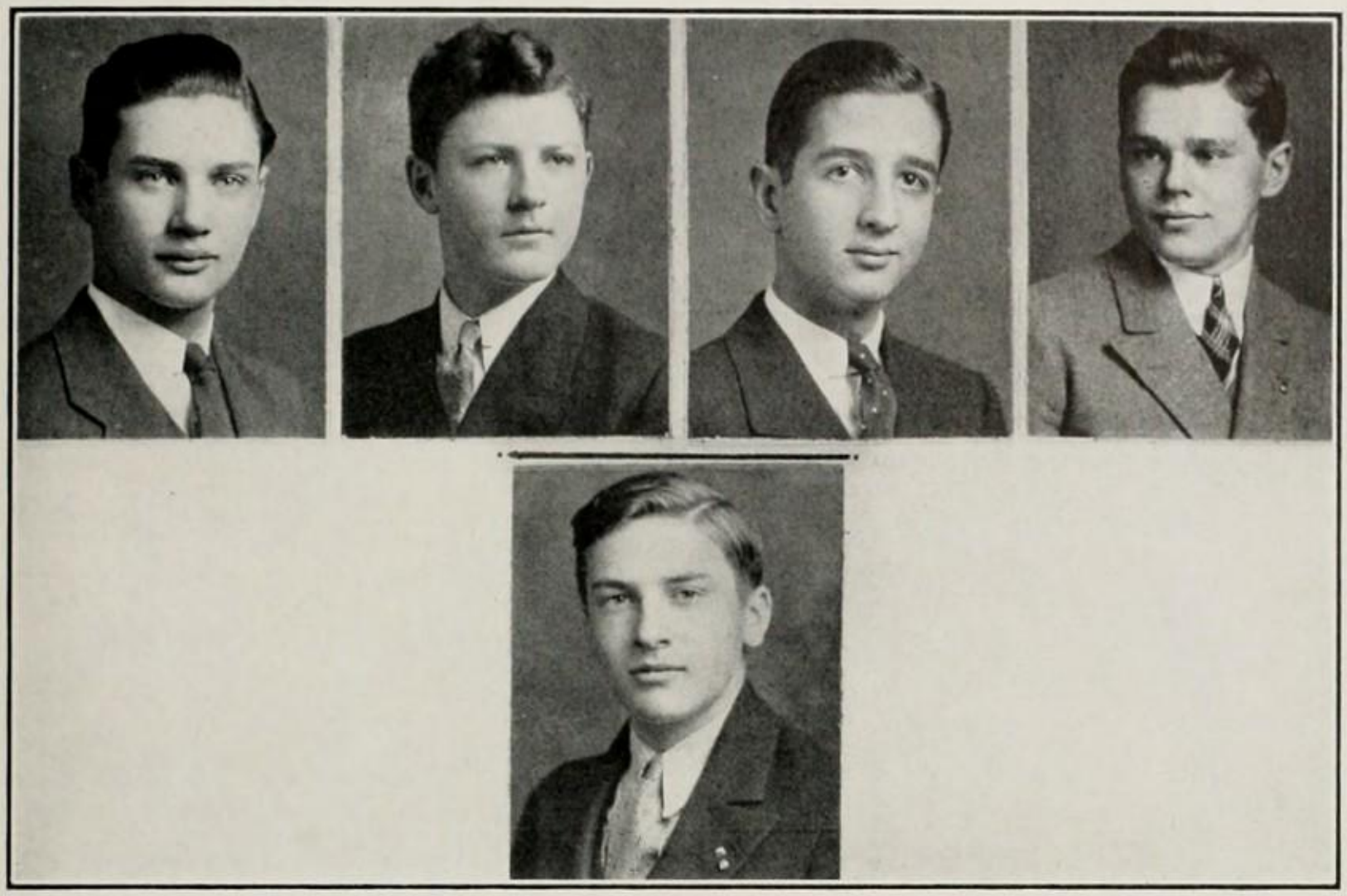
Vice President Spanish Club (2); Classical Society; G.O. English Rep.

LLOYD ULMAN

The Harris axis

President G.O.; Vice-Leader Arista; Vice-President G.O.; Class President (2); Class Vice-President; Associate Editor C. & G.; (2); Literary Staff C. & G.; B'd of Editors Stadium; Stadium Staff; Major, Minor, Class, Service Pins

# SENIORS



ALAN WEINBERG

Wein-berg, the champagne of ginger ale

Spanish Club (3), President, Secretary

LLOYD WEISSENBACH

His pride and Joy

G.O. Club Delegate; Minor Service Pin; B'd of Editors Stadium; Photography Mgr. C. & G.; English Rep. (4); Editor Blue Eagle (2); Chairman Prom Comm.; Editor Blue and Silver (1)

MARTIN WEINBERG

M as in Michelangelo

Art Society (3); Art Staff C. & C.; Art Editor Stadium

HAROLD WOHL

Monkey Business

Arista; Business Mgr. C. & G.; Advertising Mgr. C. & G.; Business B'd C. & G.; English Rep.; Varsity Track (3); Major Service Pin

JULIUS YOKEL

Intellectual Traffic Cop

Traffic Department Director; Lieutenant T.D.; Varsity Swimming; G.O. English Rep.;

# JUNE 1936

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LINE-CUTS:


Cover ..... Henry H. Freedman

Frontespiece ..... Henry H. Freedman

Faculty Cartoons ..... Martin P. Weinberg

Senior Caption ..... Henry H. Freedman

School Caption ..... Robert Simmons


WOOD-CUTS:


Illustrations for L. A. Banquet, Upper B. Prophesy, Harris Dramatics, Basketball Article, Centurie Avanti; cuts for Hatikvah Society, Arts and Letters, Science Club, and Basketball Team.

—Murray Levine.

Illustrations for Commonplace, Faculty Types; cuts for Art Society, German Club, Track, Tennis, and Fencing Teams.

—Henry H. Freedman.

Illustrations for Snobs, Flood; cuts for Camera Club, Pan-American Society. —Murray Grobstein.

Cuts for Classical Society, French Club, Pet and Aquarium Club.

—Joseph Pellicane.

Cuts for Dramatic Society, Stamp and Coin Club, Journalism Club.

—Raymond Giraud.

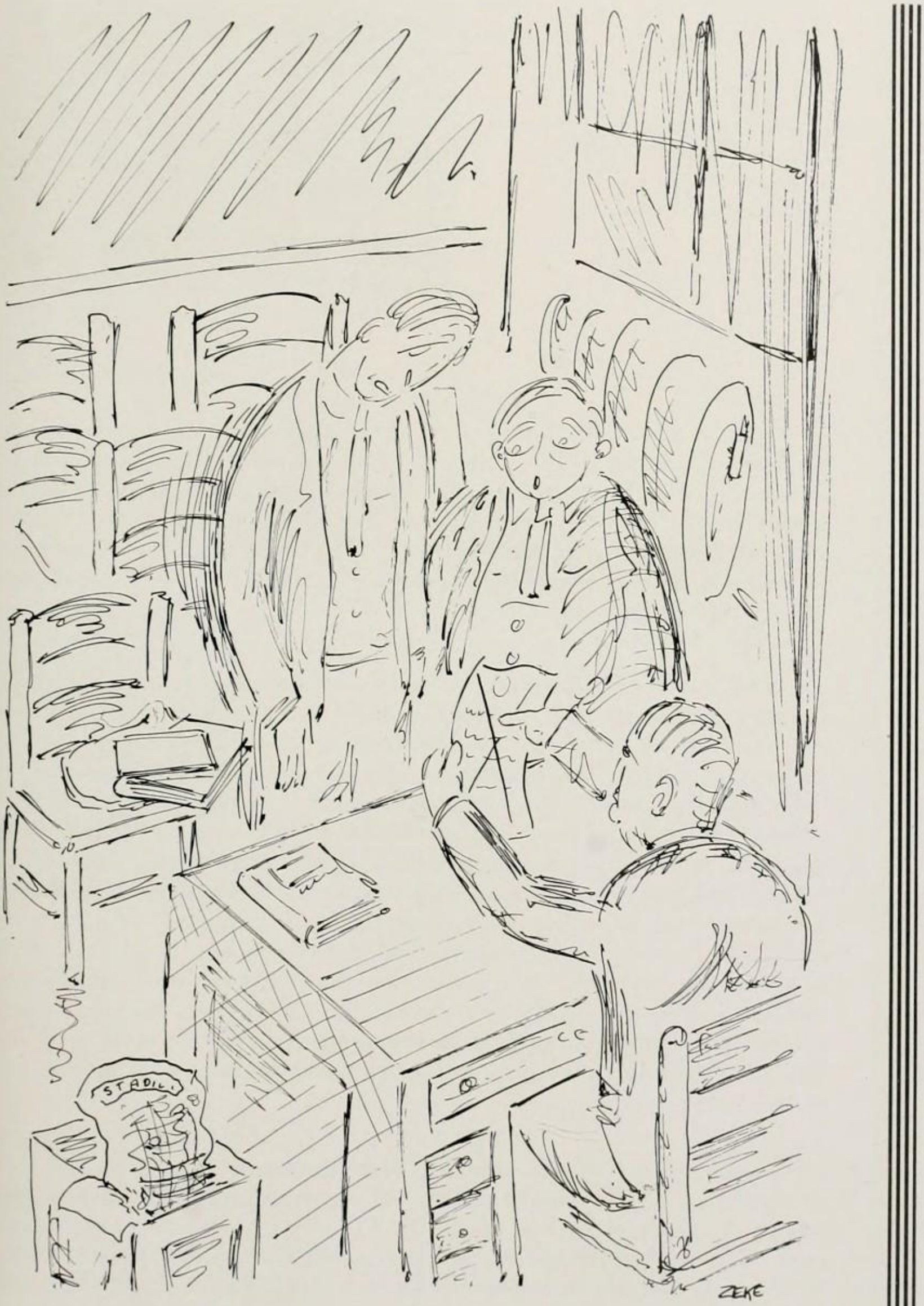
Illustrations for Reporters Routine ..... Martin P. Weinberg

Illustration for Flood; cut for Baseball Team ..... Robert Weiner

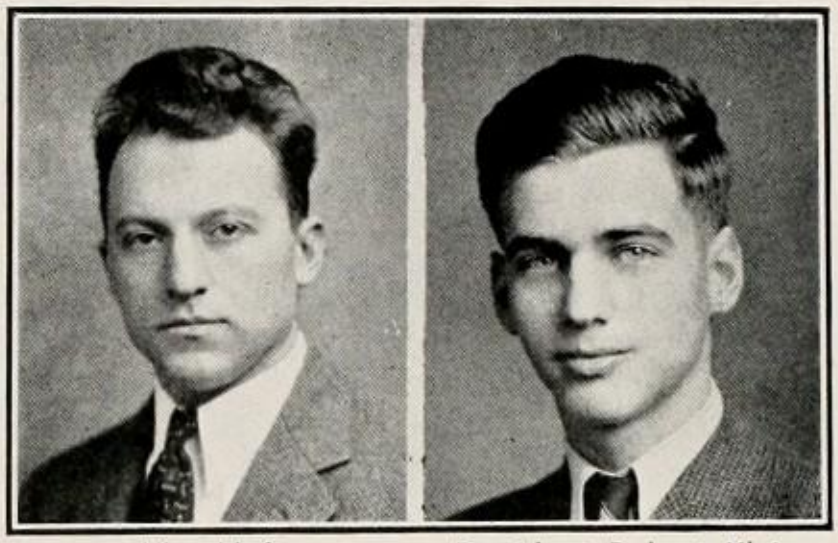
Illustration for L. C. Advice ..... Morton Slater

Illustration for Flood ..... Walter Ott

Cut for Swimming Team ..... Martin Rabinowitz


STADIL
ZEKE

# THE LOWER A RECORD



Mr. Heft President Robert Klein

by Sidney Keilson

Even a glance through past C. & G. class editorials convinces one of their inaccuracy. The policy of previous editors has been one of favorable inclination towards all. Lower A groups in particular were lauded to the heavens, regardless of the inefficiency of their councils and the incapability of their leaders. This term we have attempted to establish a precedent by making an impartial analysis based not upon opinion, but upon fact.

The many criticisms and attacks directed against the Class of January, 1937 are not entirely groundless. Lower A IS sparsely represented on most of the student organizations. That fact is undeniable. That the present seniors far surpassed this record in their fifth semester is a well-known fact. Why? The class that entered Townsend Harris in September, 1933 was composed of a group of unusual boys who established a most extraordinary scholastic record and who were of such high caliber as to combine successfully extra-curricular activities with their studies. However, not such an exceptional group enters Harris each term. In every class there is a group of boys who are instinctive leaders, and who usually are elected officers during the first few terms. However, the usual leaders did not come to the fore in the present Lower A class, and for five semesters this class has been struggling to gain a firm foothold in the school.

A large part of the class's failure has been due to the lack of co-operation of the class members. Thus, in contrast to the previous Lower A class's record of three G. O. officers, eleven Arista members, and eight executives on the publications, the present fifth termers are weakly represented on the three major student organizations.

This situation necessitated greater effort on the part of all the class members, and they have completed their Lower A term successfully, especially in debating and athletics.

The Lower A class has had five terms of varying success, but the real test will come with seniorhood, when, quoting Mr. Heft, "They will not be found wanting."

OFFICERS OF THE LOWER A CLASS

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Robert Klein |
| Vice-President | Morton Slater |
| Secretary | Norman Wiederhorn |
| Treasurer | Saul Katz |
| G. O. Representative | Robert Siebert |
| Faculty Adviser | Mr. Heft |

# THE LOWER A BANQUET

by Seymour Ugelow

The traditional function of the pre-senior class, the Lower A Banquet, was held this semester at the Hotel Wellington. The eve of May 22, on which it was held, found all thoughts other than jovial ones removed from the heads of those who attended the affair.

Morton Levine, the master of ceremonies, splendidly aided the digestion of the meal, as did the capers of the in-between-courses entertainers. The major part of the program, however, was devoted to the after-dinner speakers, among whom were Dr. Stryker, the Acting Director of the school, and Mr. Heft, the Lower A class adviser.

Nevertheless, the success of the banquet rested mainly on the fine food. Practically every one present concentrated upon devouring all the courses offered.

Mr. Dyer | Paul Shapero | Aaron Frankel | Theodore Schein

UPPER B OFFICERS

Barnet Tannenbaum

# UPPER B NOTES

by Barnet Tannenbaum

Beginning its first term in the upper stratum of the school, this term's Upper B class has achieved a noteworthy record this semester. The class was honored when the Arista League inducted Paul Shapero, who has just completed his fourth term as class president, and Theodore Schein, who was the first Lower B to occupy the position of Publications Delegate to the G.O. Barnet Tannenbaum, class G.O. delegate and a member of the Board of Editors of the Stadium, was the only Upper B to receive a minor service pin.

Many other Upper B's successfully entered school extra-curricular activities, in athletics as well as non-athletics. Benjamin Genad, former class athletic manager, was a star member of the varsity basketball team, and received his major letter.

Although the class' reputation was greatly enhanced by the activities of its leaders, the Upper B's willingly give most of the credit for their success to Mr. Cecil B. Dyer, the class adviser.

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Paul Shapero |
| Vice-President | Leonard Cohen |
| Secretary | Aaron Frankel |
| Treasurer | Theodore Schein |
| G. O. Representative | Barnet Tannenbaum |
| Faculty Adviser | Mr. Dyer |

# NEWS ITEMS

by Paul D. Shapero

## CONGRESSMAN MAKES FIERY SPEECH IN ASSEMBLY

Another dynamic speech was made in the Assembly today by Barnet Tannenbaum. Every inch of his 4'11½" trembling, Mr. Tannenbaum made an impassioned plea for the passage of the Banner-Berliner Act.

This bill provides for the pensioning of residents of New York playing on championship teams. As an example of one who would benefit by this act, Mr. Tannenbaum cited the case of Benjamin Genad, who, for the past fifteen years, has played basketball for City College.

## NEW OPENING ON BROADWAY

Last night, theatregoers were treated to a taste of real drama. Aaron Frankel, that stellar thespian, opened in Martin Cohen's "Sweet Potato." Mr. Frankel shone in his role, played against a setting designed by Richard Silbiger.

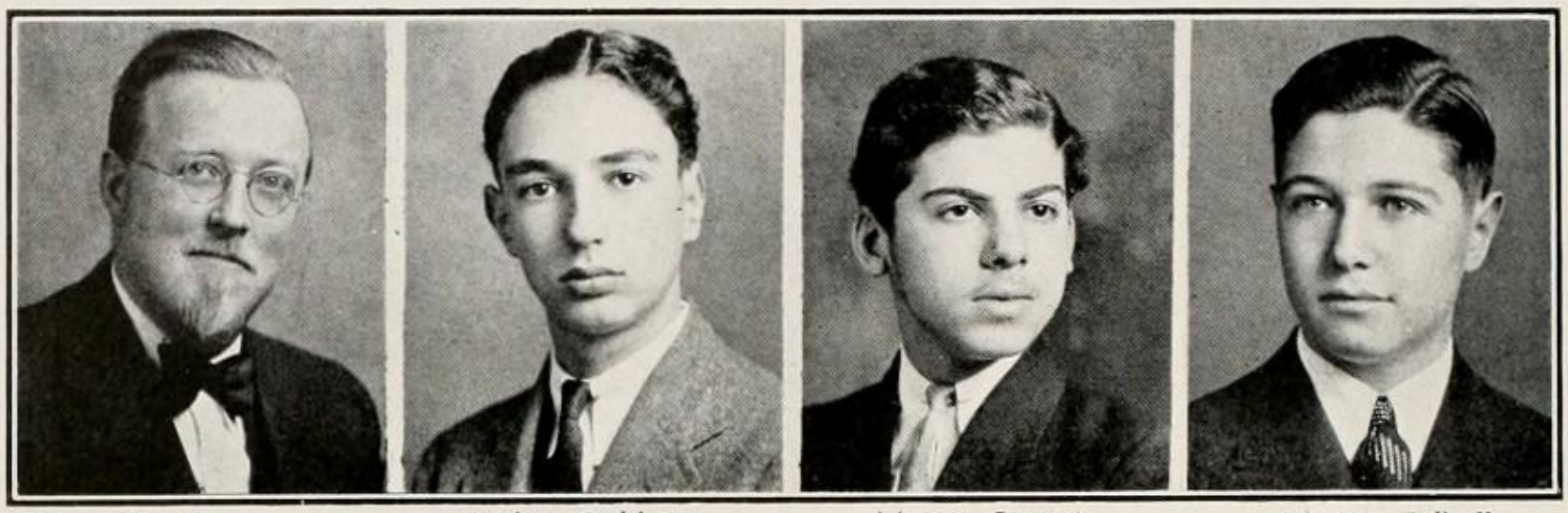
## TENNIS LUMINARY TO TURN PRO

In a recently issued statement, Ted Schein, prominent tennis star, revealed that he was going to turn pro in a short time. Mr. Schein said: "I used to think that the sport was the thing, until I found that I couldn't live on the income from my medals."

## POLITICAL EXPOSE NEAR

Spencer Glanz, newly appointed special prosecutor, has promised to rid the city of all existing graft. Mr. Glanz stated that Paul Shapero, leader of Tammany Hall, would be the first to feel the power of his office.

When informed of Mr. Glanz's decision, Boss Shapero said that his tin box had been opened many times in the past, and the only valuable thing found was a copy of the C. & G. of June, 1937.



Dr. Begg | Arthur Goldstein | Murray Bogatin | Marvin Tolkoff

LOWER B OFFICERS

Albert Coe

# DR. WILLIAM ROY BEGG

by Murray Bogatin

There is not one Lower B who, when asked his opinion of Dr. Begg, would hesitate even for a second, before giving a reply similar to this—"Dr. Begg? He's a swell fellow."

And indeed that opinion is prevalent among all the Lower B's, over whom Dr. Begg presides as Faculty Adviser. They know he is one of the finest men on the faculty, one who is unselfishly helping to direct the affairs of the Lower B class, and one who willingly gives advice and aid to all of his charges.

Upon passing the room in which he holds sway, and hearing him boom at his students, you might judge him to be a terror. However, upon entering the room, you immediately see that you are laboring under a misapprehension, for you encounter a tall, friendly man with a round, jovial face. His bright, blue eyes blend harmoniously with his light blond hair, thinning of late. Not a small man in any man's land, he carries his weight in a democratic fashion, which only adds to his charm.

Is it, then, any wonder that the Class of January, 1938 is unanimous in its opinion that Dr. Begg is a "swell fellow"?

# A SEAWORTHY VESSEL

by Leonard Sitomer

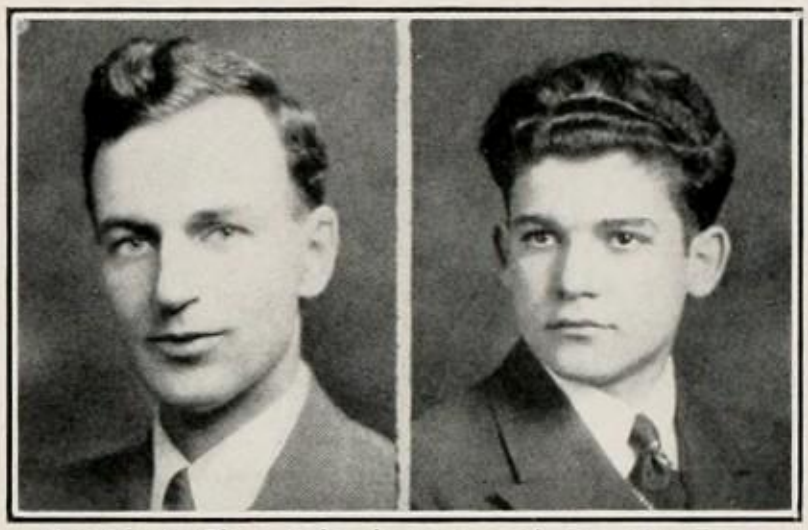
The good ship, "January 1938," has successfully completed its third voyage on the Harris Ocean. In reading the ship's log we find an interesting account of this journey.

With great anticipation the boat set out on this perilous voyage, thought by many to be the most dangerous of the six which a vessel must complete in order to be graduated into the merchant marine. The ship was reinforced with a new set of officers consisting of Murray Bogatin as captain; Arthur Goldstein, first mate; Marvin Tolkoff, ship's scribe; Albert Coe as treasurer; and Leonard Sitomer as G.O. Representative. Also on board was Commodore Begg of His Directorship's Staff. These efficient officers wasted no time in charting a course. At an early meeting they voted to give a refund of ten cents per member to the first English section reaching 100% ship membership. A membership card is priced at 25c and includes many benefits, such as the privilege of participating in all activities on shipboard and of visiting various ports which the council may decide upon.

The particular pride of the ship's crew is the bulletin which is issued at intervals of three weeks to those sailors who have purchased a membership card. Commonly called the "Courier," this periodical is used primarily as a means of giving information to the crew. The first issue contained nine pages and was hailed throughout the length and breadth of the Harris Ocean as one of the best ship's papers ever seen.

In the athletic competition held between the crews of the different vessels, the representatives of Lower B acquitted themselves nobly.

The ship's officers are proud to announce that there is a sum of money safely stored away in the hold of the ship which has been accumulated by their thrift and which will be increased during each voyage. When the final trip is taken through U. A., this treasury will be used to defray some of the numerous expenses which will fall upon the crew at that time.



President Elias Schonberger and Dr. MacEwen

# THE UPPER C--A SELF-PORTRAIT

by Bruce Low

He still makes futile attempts to sell some unsuspecting Lower C an elevator pass or spot number. But now his mind is conjuring new pranks to play upon the lowly freshmen. The Lower C no longer buys the elevator passes because he usually walks up and down the stairs anyway. Spot numbers aren't worth buying because one usually gets the wrong number.

He is now monarch of all he surveys, he is the high and mighty Upper C. Well does he realize that this is the end of his pranks and practical jokes and that next term he will have to work to stay where he is. So he becomes an epicurean for the day and eats, drinks milk, and has his fun while the time is ripe.

He struts about with a decided air of supremacy. His face is contorted in a curious expression as he thinks of how Upper C's used to rag him when he was a Lower C. But now his day is here and he makes the most of it.

His pet peeves are the class assemblies, at which he is rarely present. If he is present, though, he delights in booing and sneering at the comedians who make a vain attempt to amuse him.

Yet, despite all his faults, he's only human—and an Upper C.

# UPPER C ACHIEVEMENTS

by Melvin Kornreich

The second term in Harris, the Upper C term, is one of organization. The boys, united by a common interest—the class, begin to know each other.

This term's Upper C council was not only a representative body in a political sense, but in an actual sense; they were average Upper C's, vigorous, and resourceful. President Schonberger, one of the most active executives in the school, piloted his group skillfully through the dangers of the legislative ocean. His council was one of the few in which the use of the chalk and eraser did not prevail. The absence of Dr. Mac Ewen, who is quite an experienced faculty adviser, at the beginning of this semester, left the council on its own, but to the satisfaction of the Doctor everything worked out well.

Treasurer Goldstein announced the surprising fact that on the first day of dues collection twenty dollars was collected. If class spirit is determined by this, the Upper C's need not worry. The coffers of the treasury contain a surplus which would open the eyes of many older class councils.

Bruce Low, class journalist number one, steered the class paper to heights perhaps never reached by a similar publication. At the beginning of this semester, he edited a fifteen page issue of the "Sundial," crammed with information for the Junior High School students. This, more than anything else, has made the "Junior High," usually not interested in class affairs, a loyal class member.

The Lower C reception was not the only function offered; a baseball game supplemented the "customary activity".

Facing Lower C in the inter-class tournaments, Upper C conquered in all sports.

The Upper C's are yet young and have almost their entire career in Harris before them. The best we can wish them is that Dr. Mac Ewen's words come true: "There is every prospect that they will be most satisfactory both in scholarship and in extra-curricular affairs."

OFFICERS OF THE UPPER C CLASS

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Elias Shonberger |
| Vice-President | Melvin Herman |
| Secretary | Richard Rothstein |
| Treasurer | Robert Goldstein |
| G. O. Representative | Benjamin Weinstein |
| Faculty Adviser | Mr. Mac Ewen |

# ADVICE TO THE LOWER C

You are a Newcomer, whilst I am Weary and Old with Service. You are a Lower C and, at present, your position is not precisely Enviable. But if you give heed to the following rules of Civility, you will deport yourself in such a manner as to gain the Courteous Respect of every Upper Classman. Even of the Upper C's.

So give heed to these words of advice, O Stripling, and depart not from them.

## RULES OF CIVILITY AND DECENT BEHAVIOUR

Every Action done in Publick ought to be with some sign of Knowledge on your part that you are in High School and in your Teens.

Let your discourse with Men of Business (see the Group I Service List) be Short, Comprehensive, Gentlemanly, and Respectful. Above all, Speak; do not sing in high Soprano Key.

Read no Letters, Books, or Papers in class. Pay strict attention to the Business At Hand.

Never copy.

Mock not nor Jest. If you think of a witty remark, deliver it not. It will not be Appreciated, for Know, O Little One, that at least Three Terms must be spent before the Average Harrisite is able to deliver an Effective Pleasantry.

Strive not with your Superiors in argument, but always Submit your Judgment with Modesty. Turn the other cheek. It is not fitting to dispute with Upper Classmen, for they have acquired the Wisdom of Years. And they have certain Physical Advantages.

Speak not Evil of the teachers, for it is unjust. Teachers are Paid by the State to impart Knowledge to you, and they know what is best for Growing Boys. All Remonstrances with teachers are Unwise and are bound to prove fruitless in the end.

Labour to keep alive in your Breast that Little Spark of Celestial Fire called Harris Spirit.

Note: The above is cheerfully and shamelessly plagiarized from Washington's famous rules of conduct.

Lloyd Ulman

# THE LOWER C CLASS

It has long been a tradition of the Harris upper classmen to tantalize and persecute each new class of freshmen. During the last few semesters, however, a wave of progressiveness and tolerance has swept down through the grades in school, until it has reached the Lower C Class Through a natural sequence of actions, positions of merit on school publications and in other activities have been opened to the Lower School. The two upper classes voluntarily have thrown open the way to these positions.

In view of this new attitude on the part of the upper school, the Lower C Class has given more time to school affairs. No harm was evidenced in class affairs, however. The Lower C's, on the contrary, shouldered their responsibilities and faced their problems squarely.

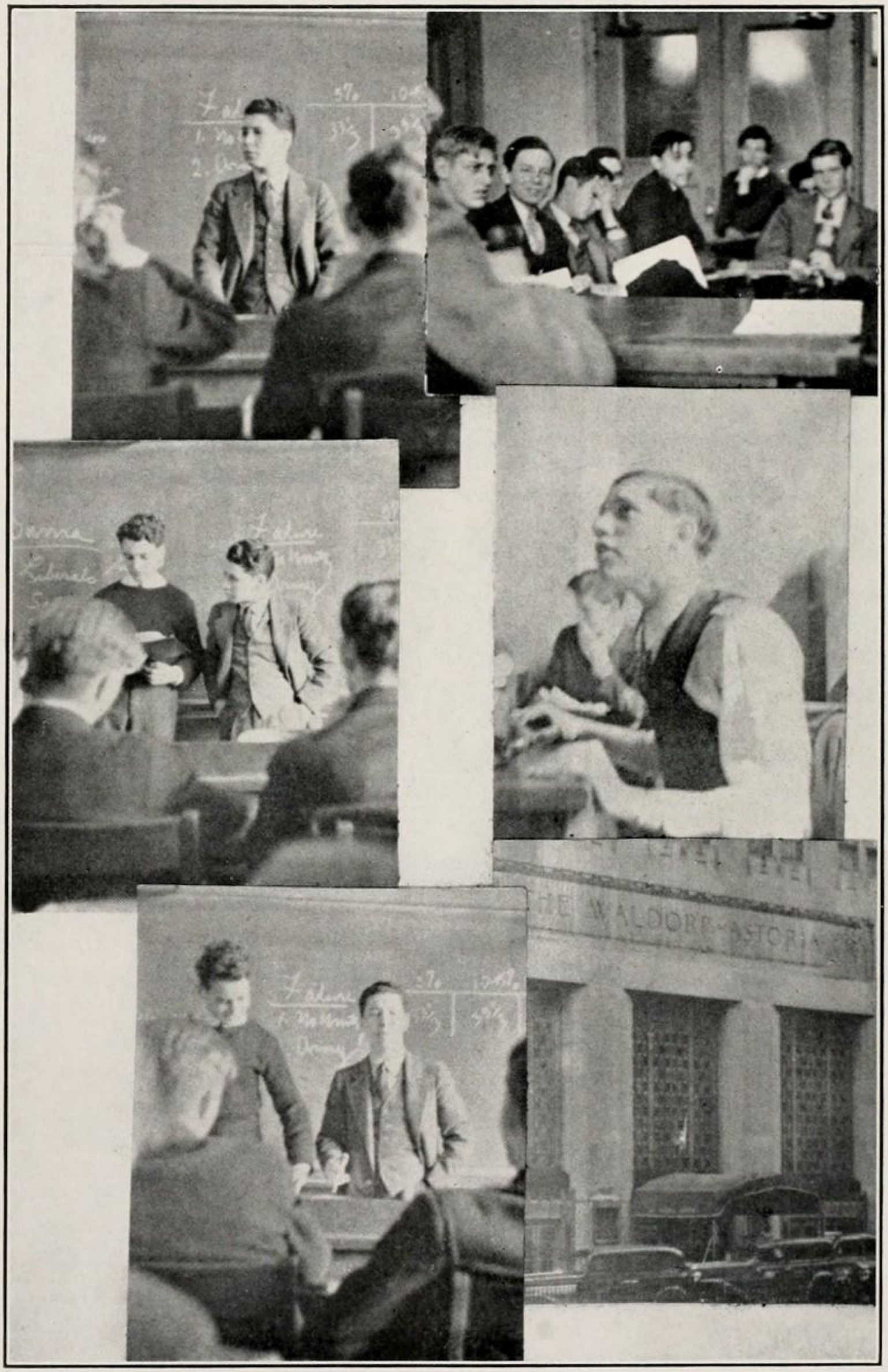
It is always a difficult task for officers to lead a class through its first term with any degree of success. But President Greenberg and his Council quickly mastered the intricacies of school politics, and ably administered class affairs.

In the interclass tournaments the Lower C's, being at a natural disadvantage, were not very successful. However, they showed such spirit and fight that success in future terms is assured them. The main task of the Lower C's, however, was to become acquainted with Harris, and they did this to good advantage, preparing themselves for the pitfalls which lie ahead.

All in all, these achievements of the Lower C's substantiated the contention that if the persecution of the freshmen were halted, their dormant abilities would awake and become apparent to the school.

LOWER C OFFICERS

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Robert Greenberg |
| Vice-President | Arthur Oxenberg |
| Secretary | Lester Tannenbaum |
| Treasurer | William Colgan |
| G. O. Representative | Robert Blackman |
| Faculty Adviser | Mr. Miermann |


THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

# HARRIS SELF-GOVERNMENT

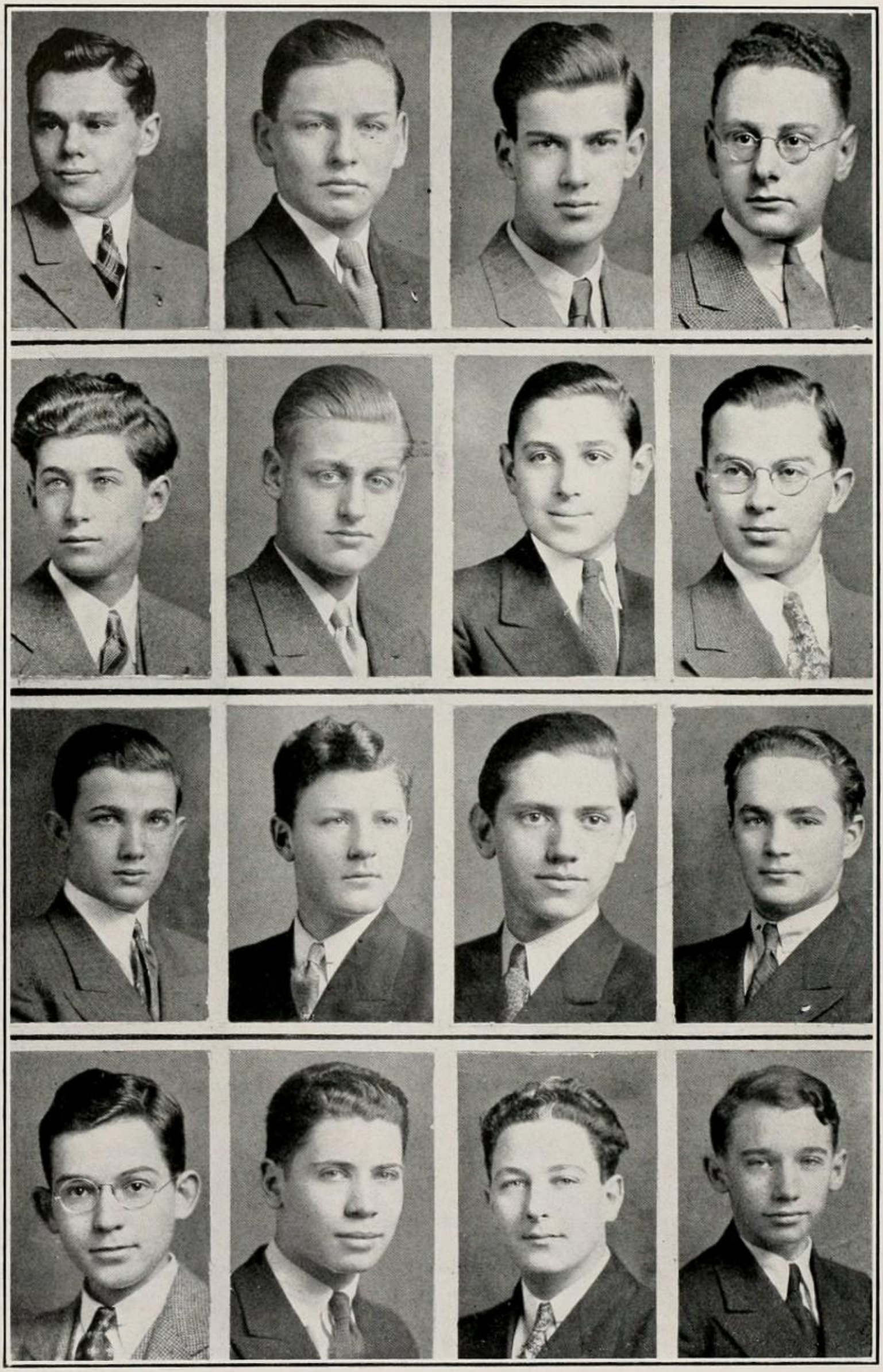
An Editorial

Recently, a meeting of delegates from most of the high schools of New York City was held for the purpose of discussing democracy in secondary schools. According to reports delivered at this conference, student self-government is far from being realized in many of the schools of the city. So atrocious are conditions in some instances that the student has no opportunity to air his views on many questions most vital to him. Student councils are deprived of all power; newspapers are ruthlessly censored; and clubs are permitted to hold discussions only on subjects suggested by the authorities.

It is difficult for us at Harris to believe that such conditions do exist, for so liberal is our system of extra-curricular activities that we are rarely conscious of faculty domination. Our press is comparatively free; the G.O. council has clearly defined and wide-spread powers; clubs are free to discuss what they wish. Of course, there have been times when the authorities have stepped down on some branch of activity, but if they were convinced that student opinion was solidly against their move, they often relented. The Director, and the various faculty advisers have always shown a willingness to cooperate with the students, because they heed and respect student opinion. That is the essence of student self-government.

But now that we have obtained virtual self-government we have an obligation to perform. We must make good use of our privileges. We must, in the first place, interest the disinterested in our activities. Secondly, we should drive petty politicians from our ranks, for it is they who prevent progress, who abuse the liberties which have been granted them.

Having accomplished these reforms, we can truthfully say that we have done our part, just as the authorities have already done theirs.



# CRIMSON AND GOLD

PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
TOWNSEND HARRIS HIGH SCHOOL

Editor-in-Chief
ABRAHAM LUBARSKY

Managing Editor
RICHARD REUBEN

Business Manager
HAROLD WOHL

Art Editor
HENRY FREEDMAN

Associate Editors
LLOYD ULMAN
ALAN L. OTTEN
RICHARD STOLLER

Executive Board

Senior Editor . . . . . Daniel I. Rothbaum
Faculty Editor . . . . . Nathan Siegel
Club Editor . . . . . Kenneth Gang
Sports Editor . . . . . Sidney K. Halpern
Photographic Scenes Editor . . . . . Joseph Rubenson
Copy Editor . . . . . Robert Meisner

Art Staff

Design
MURRAY GROBSTEIN

Photography
MURRAY LEVINE

Illustration
MARTIN WEINBERG

Composition
RAYMOND GIRAUD

Publicity
JOSEPH PELLICANE

Technical Staff

Emanuel Kline
Paul Weiner
Marvin Fuchs
Joseph Goldzieher

Business Board

Publicity & Circulation Mgr.
JOSEPH BUCHLER

Advertising Manager
EDWARD EHRENBERG

Photography Mgr.
LLOYD WEISSENBACH

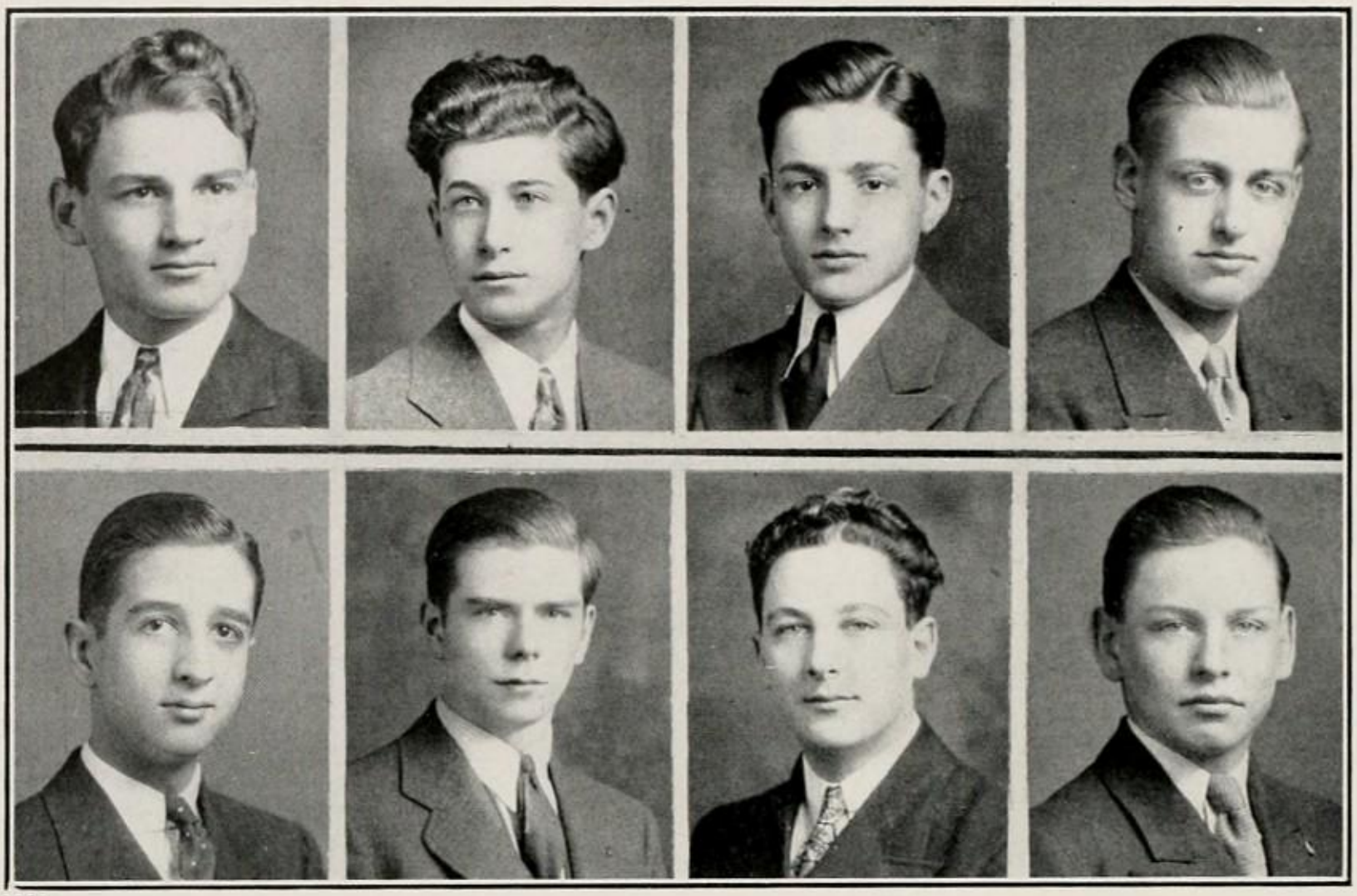
Ass't Business Manager
ARDEN PERIN

Faculty Advisers

Mr. Jacob Alexis Friedman
Mr. Bernard Perlmutter
Mr. David Goldway
Mr. Alfred Stein
Mr. Irwin M. Rothman

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS OF THE C. & G. BOARD

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harold Wohl | Abraham Lubarksy | Richard Reuben | Henry Freedman |
| Lloyd Ulman | Alan Otten | Richard Stoller | Murray Levine |
| Edward Ehrenberg | Martin Weinberg | Daniel Rothbaum | Nathan Siegel |
| Kenneth Gang | Joseph Buchler | Sidney Halpern | Arden Perin |



MEMBERS OF THE G. O. COUNCIL

Seymour Mann
Lloyd Weissenbach
Lloyd Ulman
Warren Kraemer
Richard Grossman
Sidney Halpern
Alan Otten
Abraham Lubarsky

# THE G. O.'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

by Alan L. Otten

Working harmoniously and capably under the leadership of an experienced executive, Lloyd Ulman, the G.O. council this term added another important page to the history of the General Organization influence in Harris extra-curricular life.

The first indication of the success to be enjoyed by this group in the past semester came in the drawing up of the term's budget. Deciding to appropriate a greater amount to aid G.O. subsidized activities instead of amassing an unwanted balance, the Budget Committee presented a report calling for one of the largest expenditures since the formation of the organization.

During the semester an old problem cropped up in new form. The question of whether or not a group with any other fundamental purpose than an educational one should be allowed a charter by the school arose when a group of students applied for the chartering of

a Townsend Harris chapter of the American Student Union. In spite of the efforts of a few more liberal members of the council, who advocated the recognition of such a chapter, the charter was almost overwhelmingly denied.

Though the council has no actual control over Stadium affairs it definitely asserted itself in that direction with very satisfactory results. As a concession to the G.O. demand for the limiting of the number of condidates for the editorship of the Stadium, the Faculty Board of Publications applied pressure to reduce the number of candidates from four to three, thus bringing to a harmonious close a situation which for a time promised to be embarrassing to both parties concerned.

However the main work of the council was divided into two parts: the first, that of laying the foundation for a new insignia system; the second, the issuing of a new, revised handbook.

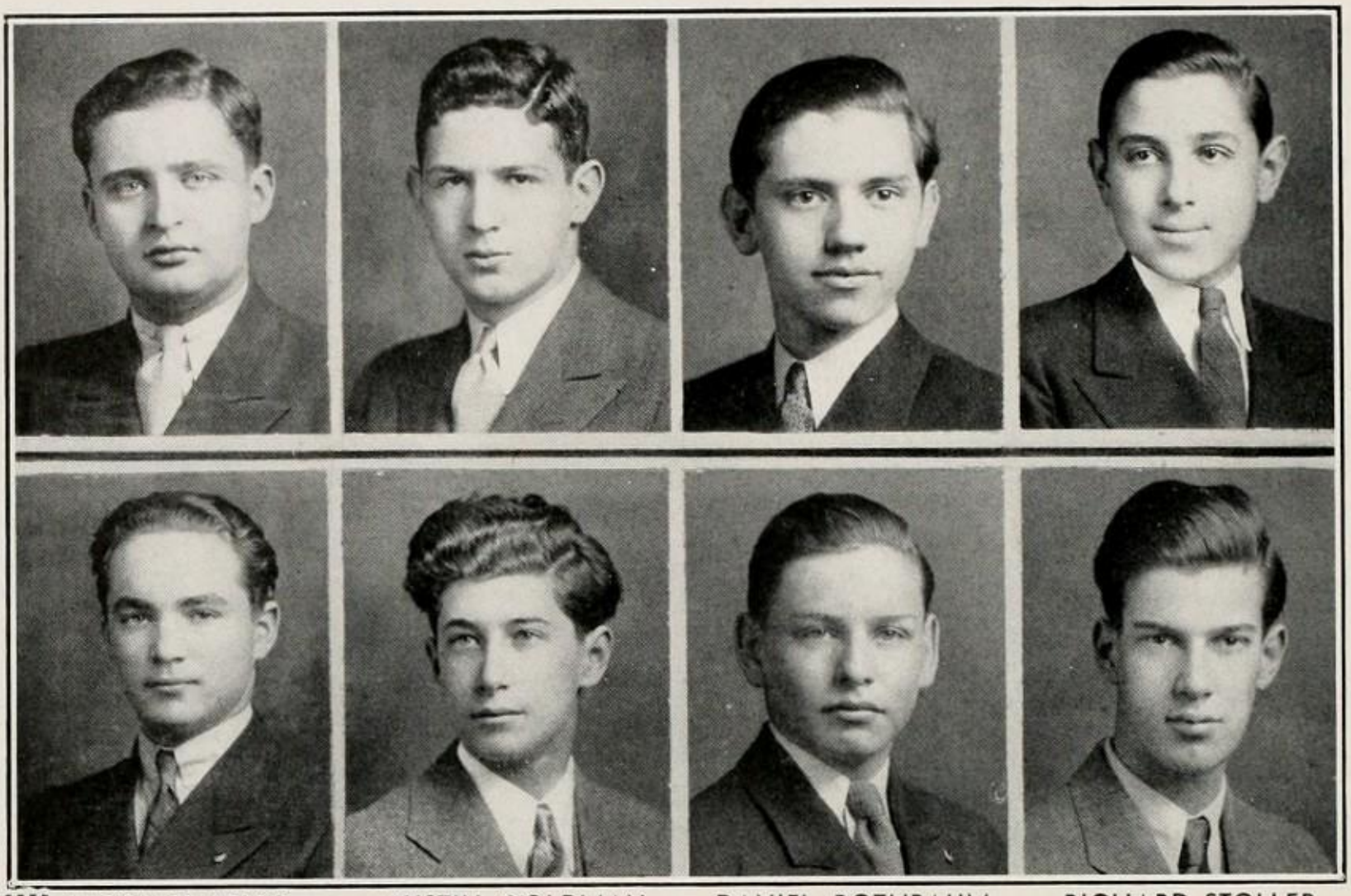
Under the existing Major and Minor Pin Award system, it is practically impossible for a student to obtain a pin if he limits his work to any single activity, as the General Organization, Stadium, or Crimson and Gold. This has resulted in a student's devoting himself to several activities, thus being unable to give his best to any one of them. The newly-planned system, however, will award Major and Minor Service Pins to each field of endeavour, thereby encouraging specialized work, and also eliminating some of the petty graft attached to the present system.

Realizing that the issue of the handbook published in January, 1935 was rapidly becoming out of date, last term's council began work on a new edition. The task proved so great that it was carried over into this term and was completed, for the most part, in the past semester.

Richard Stoller, student editor of the handbook, employing a small but experienced staff, did an excellent job on this important volume. The book had a wide circulation, and will form one of the more lasting tributes to the fine work of this term's G.O. Council.

THE COUNCIL

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Lloyd Ulman |
| Vice-President | Richard Grossman |
| Secretary | Seymour Mann |
| Treasurer | Alan Otten |
| Publications Del. | Abraham Lubarsky |
| Service Del. | Harris Mayer |
| Club Del. | Lloyd Weissenbach |
| Athletic Del. | Sidney Halpern |
| Upper A | Warren Kraemer |
| Lower A | Robert Siebert |
| Upper B | Barnet Tannenbaum |
| Lower B | Leonard Sitomer |
| Upper C | Benjamin Weinstein |
| Lower C | Robert Blackman |



JACOB SHAPIRO
NATHAN SIEGEL

AUSTIN GOLDMAN
LLOYD ULMAN

DANIEL ROTHBAUM
ABRAHAM LUBARSKY

RICHARD STOLLER
RICHARD REUBEN

# THE STADIUM-GROWING PAINS

by Lloyd Ulman

If, as it has been stated so often, a free and wide-awake press is essential in a democratically governed state, then it follows that an alert and independent student publication is equally vital in a school where both faculty and students desire to see created that much sought goal, student self-government.

This term, our school newspaper, the Stadium, experienced its first growing pains. It awoke from its somnolent lethargy and strode forward a few paces. The reason for this advence lies in the initiative and ability of its editors. Austin D. Goldman and Daniel I. Rothbaum, Managing Editor, are two Harris journalists whose ingenuity and enterprise will be long remembered and appreciated by the students of the school. A helpful and sympathetic Student Council aided greatly in achieving this progress, and, of course, no improvements could have been realized without the spirit of friendly cooperation and guidance evidenced by those three instructors who form the Faculty Board of Publications—Messrs. Alles, Dyer, and Blake.

Early in the term, when plans for the second issue of the publication were being drawn up, a nationwide student movement, known as the American Student Union, had just been formed and was attracting considerable attention. The editors of the Stadium asked the Editor of the Student Advocate, the official publication of the A. S. U., to contribute an article in which were to be set forth the aims and purposes of this organization. This gentleman consented and submitted an article. Space was reserved, and the article was sent to the Faculty Board of Publications for approbation. This approbation, however, was not forthcoming; the article was censored; and the Stadium subsequently was ordered to appear without a guest contributor's name on its board.

At the suggestion of Daniel Rothbaum, who was Issue Editor at that time, the matter was referred to the G. O. Council, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Faculty Board and with Mr. Stryker, on this issue, among others. As a result of the ensuing conferences, a Student Publications Committee was appointed, at the suggestion of the Faculty Board, to inform the latter group of any situation concerning the Stadium which might be brought to the attention of the G. O. Council. Permission to print the censored article also was granted with the provision that the Stadium print both sides of the question.

Our paper emerged from its growing pains with new liberty and increased prestige. From a journal whose editorial policy had been listless and non-committal, it became more a faithful reflector and interpretor of student opinion. And far from creating an unpleasant situation between student and teacher, this incident effected a deeper and more sympathetic co-operation between the budding journalists and their counsellors.

Thus, with projects of April Fool issues and Boat Ride editions bedeviling the minds of its editors, and with "new-fangled" notions of "liberalism" and "co-operation" being breathed forth into a surprised high school world, the Stadium spent an eventful six months, striding forward, stumbling, occasionally falling back, but always, ceaselessly, advancing towards its newly discovered goal.

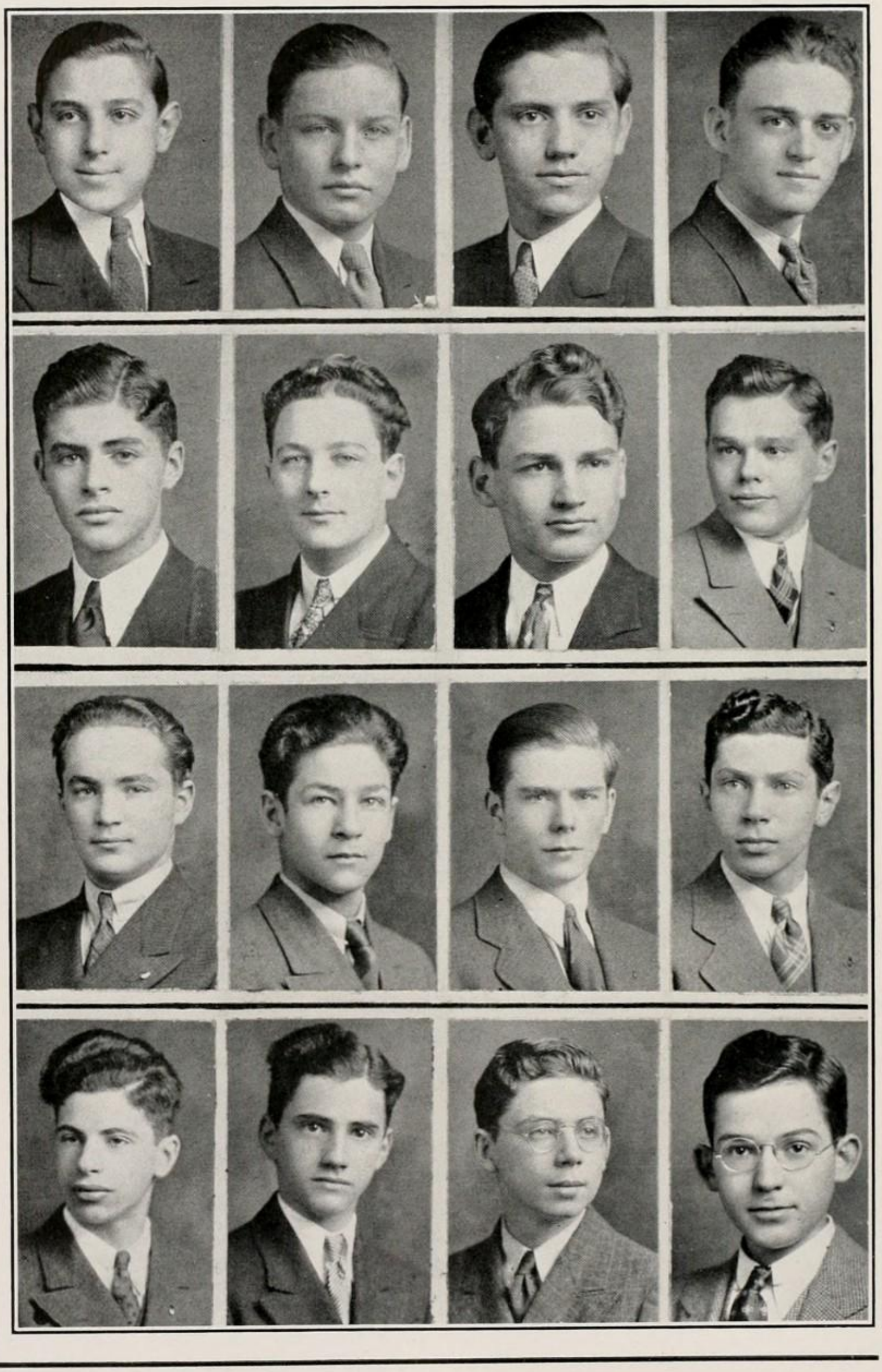
THE STADIUM EXECUTIVES

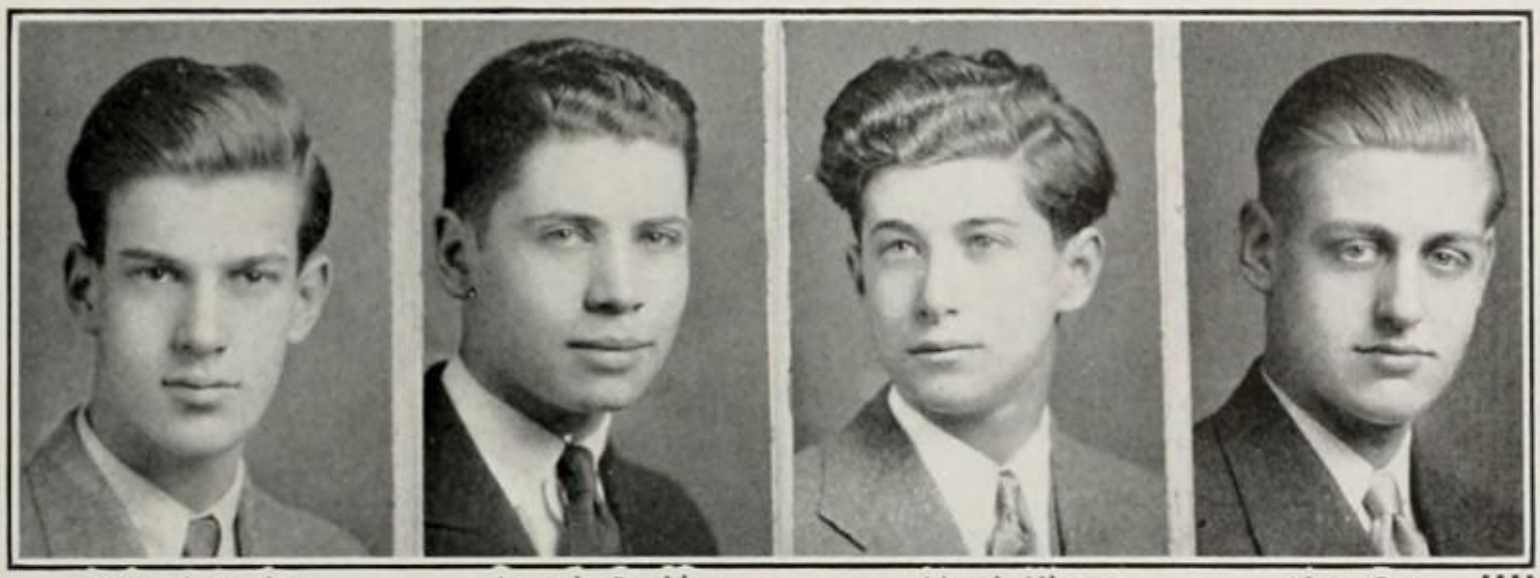
Editor-in-Chief
AUSTIN D. GOLDMAN

Managing Editors
DANIEL I. ROTHBAUM
JACOB SHAPIRO

Associate Editors
RICHARD STOLLER
NATHAN SIEGEL

Business Manager
RICHARD BROADMAN





Richard Reuben  Joseph Buchler  Lloyd Ulman  Alan Otten

# A CHALLENGE TO THE ARISTA

by Joseph Buchler, Leader of the Assembly

The Greek word "Arista" means "the best". It does not signify the best in any specific respect, but is a very general term. When an organization has for its name "Arista", its members, whether they realize it or not, have a definite responsibility, not only to themselves but to their predecessors and successors as well. They hold in their hands the reputation of the organization, upon which the entire significance of the body rests.

When a boy is elected to the Arista Assembly, he automatically assumes a share of the responsibility of preserving the reputation of the organization. Generally, however, he is inclined to forget this fact and remember only that he has been elected to "the best." His attitude becomes not one of seriousness in recognition of this responsibility, but flippancy and forgetfulness of obligation.

Consequently, the Arista Assembly cannot command that respect from the student body which an honor society should command. Little esteem is accorded to it by those seeking the honor of being admitted into the society. Nor do the members themselves evidence in their attitude any desire to recapture their lost prestige. To most of them the Arista is worth little more than the pins which they wear on their lapels.

THE ARISTA ASSEMBLY

| | |
|---|---|
| Leader | Joseph Buchler |
| Vice-Leader | Lloyd Ulman |
| Secretary | Richard Reuben |
| Treasurer | Alan Otten |

William Dutchen
Kenneth Gang
Austin Goldman
Sidney Halpern
Donald Jacoby
Connie Jones
Warren Kraemer
Abraham Lubarsky
Seymour Mann
Harris Mayer
Jerome Meyer
Robert Meisner
Myron Quitman
Daniel Rothbaum
Joseph Rubenson
Theodore Schein
Paul Shapero
Murray Shepp
Robert Siebert
Nathan Siegel
Richard Stoller

# STUDYING CLASSICAL INFLUENCES

by Kenneth M. Gang, President Classical Society

To study Roman life and to compare it with our own is a fascinating and edifying subject. Analogies can be made between the governments, art, standards of living, and languages of the ancient and modern civilizations. Regardless of our supposed "progress," we find that in many ways, the Romans paralleled, and sometimes surpassed us.

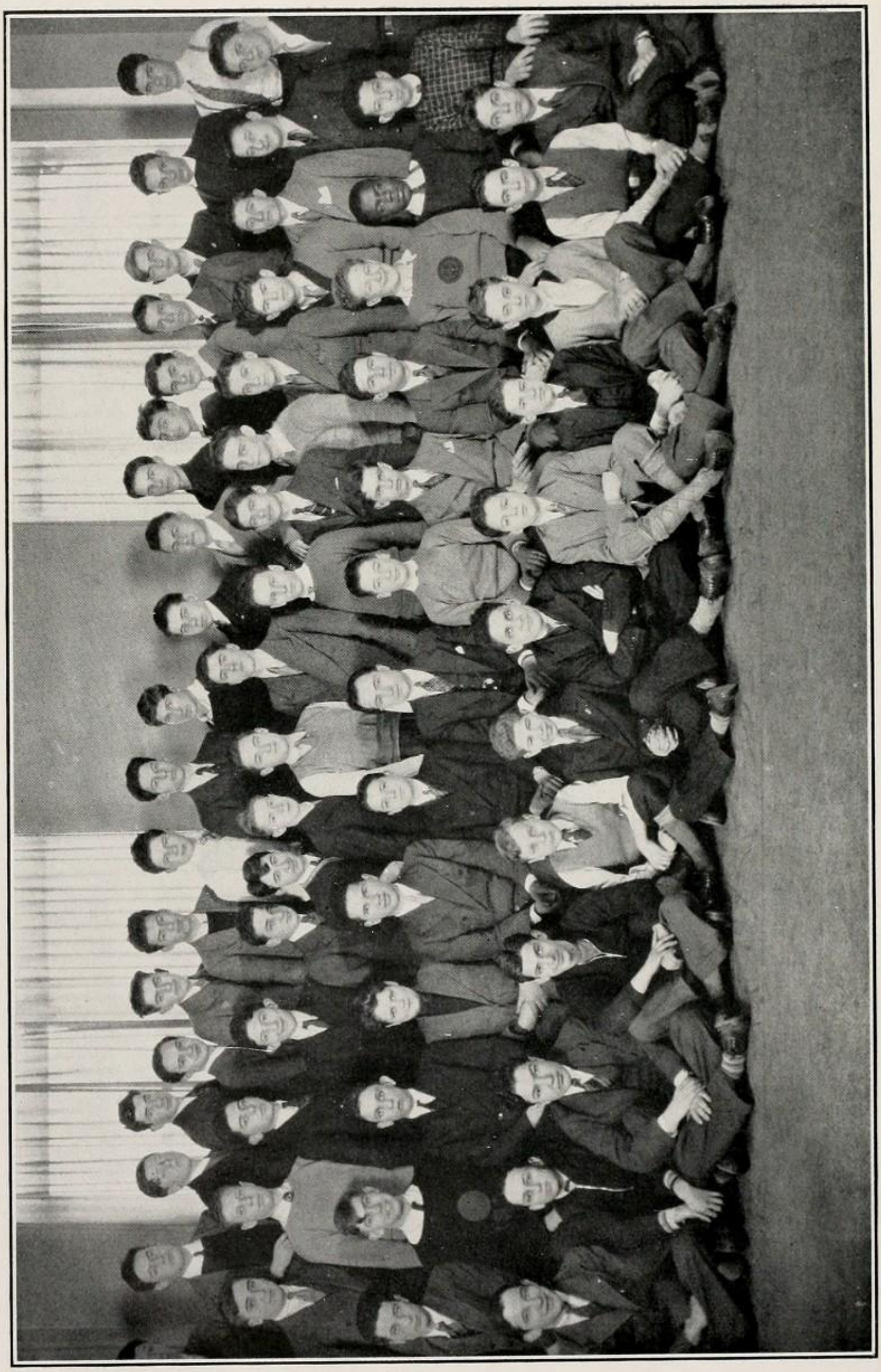
To one with a deep esthetic sense, Roman architecture and art greatly surpass ours. Even to the more practically minded man, Roman architecture has proved its worth by withstanding the tests of time for milleniums. Its influence can be clearly seen in the ultra-modern new Supreme Court Building in Washington, a beautiful replica of classical temples and public buildings.

The object of the Classical Society is to prove that Roman influence is alive in many fields of modern life. By means of lectures and contests, the members of the Society learn of these influences.

Under the very capable direction of Dr. Standerwick, this Society attained its goal of educating and amusing its members. Each student, however, contributed toward making the club as successful as it is. Although lower classmen usually lose interest in the club activities upon reaching a higher stage of their climb in Harris, by far the greater part of the members of previous terms returned to the Classical Club this term, in attestation to the great appeal of the Society.

To those boys achieving the highest degree of success in club work, valuable prizes were awarded. But these prizes were not the sole factors motivating the members. Even if no material rewards had been given, they would have labored just as hard.

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Kenneth M. Gang |
| Vice-President | Arden Perin |
| Secretary | Martin Rabinowitz |
| Treasurer | Leo Spandorf |
| Faculty Adviser | Dr. Henry Standerwick |



# THE FRENCH CLUB

by Bernard Kalman

Although the original inhabitants of France, the Gauls, and their successors, the Franks, were both Teutonic peoples, France has adopted the languages and customs of the conquering Romans, who controlled the land for several centuries. The French language is definitely of Latin derivation. The characteristics, the customs, and the philosophy of the French, too, are decidedly Latin.

Nevertheless, France has a distinct and interesting civilization of its own, which is for the most part as advanced as that of any other nation. No matter what sort of esthetic sense one has, one cannot but be enchanted by the beautiful music of France. Many of the world's greatest composers have been French, hence many of the most beautiful songs are French. Many French dramatists have approached the greatness of Shakespeare; French poets have equalled Milton; great inventions and discoveries have been made in France; many schools of thought have had their beginning in France; French painting has always been in advance of that of other lands. Frenchmen as outstanding in their particular field as Moliere, Bizet, Pasteur, Descartes, and Corot can be named.

In political matters, France has always been in the lead. Such men as Voltaire and Diderot had theories of government, some of which, when adopted, made France the well-governed land that it is. The French system of executive departementes is sometimes regarded as superior to our state system.

The history of France from start to finish has been one of continual conflict between Gaul and Roman, Christian and heathen, Frenchman and German. Through it all, the country has been able to retain its title of La Belle France.

To appreciate the French civilization, its art and thought, and to gain facility in the speaking and comprehension of French are the aims of Le Cercle Francais. Under the direction of M. Courtines, these aims have been for the most part realized.

# THE ART SOCIETY'S SERVICE

by Saul Mindlin

In the Art Society more than in any other club, is the ideal of training and experience faithfully combined with that of service. Although Harris' manifold activities present an imposing array, the majority depend upon the accomplishments of the Art Society.

A visitor walking through the halls would be compelled to remark how well advertised Harris is. The publicizing of various school, class, and club functions, is almost exclusively the Art Society's task, and to it, falls a large portion of the credit for the popularity of extra-curricular activities, and the participation in them, of so great a percentage of the student body. The excellent illustrations and designs provided by this club are an important factor in the enthusiastic reception afforded the C. & G. and the splendid support of clubs by the Harris student body.

HATIKVAH SOCIETY

# HATIKVAH IDEALS

by Saul Mindlin

The Hatikvah Society's members include those students whose interest in their race and religion motivates a desire on their part for a better understanding of its tenets. The organization attempts to promote these Jewish ideals which have contributed to our modern civilization.

Realizing that constructive nationalism can become a potent factor in mankind's advancement, The Hatikvah Society unites those who aspire to the purest and best both in humanity and in their own faith. It also disseminates knowledge and understanding of an ancient culture, and of a religion that is the parent of all beliefs professed by the white man.

In the last few years, when so many Jews have suffered for their creed in various parts of the world without adequately understanding the principles of this creed, the discussion of its basic doctrines becomes imperative. In Townsend Harris, the Hatikvah Society is the only organization that performs this function of clarifying the ideals of Judaism, and as such, merits the full support of those who are in sympathy with its aims.

PET AND AQUARIUM

# PET AND AQUARIUM CLUB

by Bernard Kalman

Ever since prehistoric times man has made pets of animals. The dog has been man's companion for thousands of years. In later periods other animals were domesticated and made pets—cats, guinea pigs, parrots, turtles, canaries, and even monkeys and raccoons. Of late, interest in tropical fish as pets has increased, and as a result, millions of homes have small aquariums.

The aims of the Pet and Aquarium Club are to inform its members concerning all sorts of pets and to discuss the latest events in the aquarium world. The presence of occasional speakers helps greatly to increase the membership. Among other things, the club has an exhibit in the library consisting of a small aquarium containing several varieties of tropical fish. Because of these varied activities, the Pet and Aquarium Club, a comparatively new club at Harris, has made great strides.

CAMERA CLUB

# IN THE HARRIS CAMERA WORLD

by Joseph Rubenson
President of the Camera Club

In the last few years there has been a growing interest in photography, not only as a hobby, but as a profession. The use of photographs to illustrate advertisements and magazine articles is undeniably increasing.

Recently there has been some talk of substituting courses in photography for the present Harris art courses. This inspired the Camera Club to begin a course in the element of photography.

The curriculum consisted of nine short lectures, presented weekly at the meetings, and accompanied by a demonstration of the topic treated. The first lecture of the series dealt with the theory and practice of taking the picture. Afterwards there was a demonstration of developing and printing in the club darkroom. One of the highlights of the course was the lecture on lenses by Mr. Banister, the club faculty adviser.

A long-present need for instruction in the fundamentals of photography was filled by this course, which especially benefited newcomers to the club.

STAMP AND COIN CLUB

# THE HOBBY OF KINGS

by Richard J. Broadman
Pres., Stamp & Coin Club

Although stamp collecting by Harrisites was conducted on a large scale last term, the amount of money that changed hands in the Stamp and Coin Club was but a pittance compared with the five million dollars that changed hands in stamp trading transactions in the United States.

There are fifty philatelists in the Stamp and Coin Club; there are more than a million in the country. Prominent men the world over are interested in this fascinating hobby. Included among these are the President of the United States, the King of England, the King of Siam, and many others, not to mention our own Dr. William Roy Begg.

The average Harrisite's collection is worth less than one hundred dollars; that of the late King George has been estimated at almost two million.

Philately is vigorously promoted by the Stamp and Coin Club, yet this activity is infinitesimally small when compared with that of the rest of the world in the same field.

GERMAN CLUB

# THE GERMAN CLUB

by Frank Cohen and Martin Orlean

Germany, most powerful nation in central Europe and formerly one of the strongholds of learning and culture, has recently embarked on another dark age.

After fifteen years of degradation following the World War, the German people have been forced in despair to turn to Adolf Hitler, leader of the Nazi party and advocate of Fascism.

He has repeatedly violated treaty obligations. He has stripped a hitherto influential and respected Jewish minority of every right of German citizenship. In his bigoted frenzy he has deported many brilliant and learned, but "non-Aryan" men, and he has childishly sought to destroy the imperishable works which they have created.

Perhaps the best way to become acquainted with the real German civilization is to learn of its background, and its nature and customs.

The German Club was formed with this end in mind, as well as to aid its members in speaking and comprehending the language.

JOURNALISM CLUB

# THE JOURNALISM CLUB

by William Machover

The more we learn about the affairs of the world, the more we realize the importance of keeping in touch with the movements about us. For the public at large the best way of doing so is through the medium of journalism.

As in city, town, and village, the necessity of journalism is evident in Harris. The abundance of club and class papers, the Stadium, the Crimson and Gold all testify to the fact that journalism offers the best means of bringing information to the student body. The importance of journalism is, however, not fully recognized, and with the intention of rectifying this fault, the Journalism Club was formed.

Within its program are included such subjects as will aid in establishing a base for the study of journalism, and provide training in the fundamentals of school newspaper work.

SCIENCE CLUB

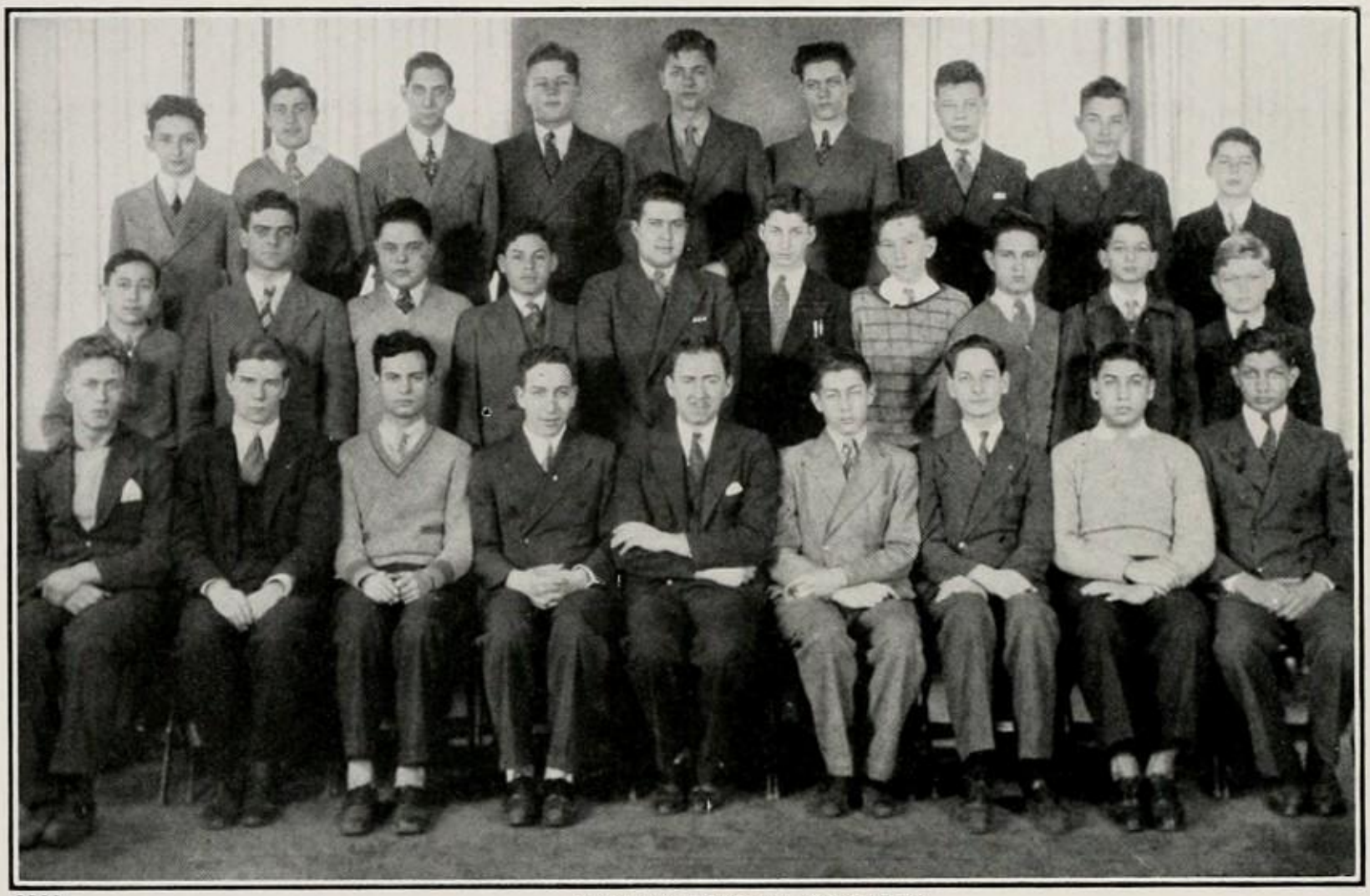
# OUR OTHER SCIENCE COURSE

by Kenneth Gang

However excellent our physics course may be, there are many scientifically-minded students in the school who are desirous of a more intensive study of the subject. To satisfy their wants, the Science Club was formed, and this term, thanks to the able Faculty Adviser, Mr. Hurlinger, and the energetic officers, the organization once more competently shouldered the huge task of supplementing the meagre science course offered in Harris.

The desire for greater knowledge of this subject is not an unnatural one, for without science, civilization could never have become as far advanced as it is today. Science is so involved in our every day life that it is difficult to imagine a world wthout such conveniences as steam heating, electricity, subways, radio, telephone, and motion pictures—all made possible by Science.

Though at first opposed by the Church and other organizations, Science today is almost unanimously conceded to be the basis of our life and civilization.



PAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY

# ONE KEY TO PEACE

by Sidney Keilson

Lying to the south of us is the other America—a land of abundant resources, quaint customs, and fiercely patriotic inhabitants. These inhabitants are Latin-Americans of Spanish origin who point with pride at the constant political turmoil existing in their small republics. They believe that revolution is evolution.

Uncle Sam's attention is now speculatively focused on these South American republics. This rebirth of interest has been caused both by a sudden realization of a need for their trade and by President Roosevelt's recent declaration of the "good neighbor" policy. A new era has begun in which we no longer regard ourselves as the policemen of the New World. And with this restoration of equality between American nations has come a new friendship which is expected by all to be long-lasting.

SOCIETY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

# "THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB"

by Melvin Kornreich

Primarily a cultural group, the Society of Arts and Letters naturally turns to those subjects which imbue its members with a sense of beauty. Its ambitious purpose is the study of the fine arts. That is, if anything, an enormous task; for, under the heading of Art, Music, Drama, and Literature, fall hundreds of those fine arts to each of which thousands of books and lectures have been devoted.

It seems nothing short of a miracle that in sixteen or twenty short hours, studies of the dance, of Van Gogh's works, of three of Beethoven's symphonies, can be made. Yet this is an average term's work.

The usual function of the society, attendance at a performance of one of the current season's best plays, has been supplemented this semester by visits to numerous exhibits, lectures, and concerts. The new electric phonograph, recently purchased, has also been used to the greatest advantage.

Fulfilling its purpose under the able guidance of Mr. Denett, the group has consistently been able to provide enjoyment and cultural enlightenment to its members.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

# THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

by Aaron M. Frankel

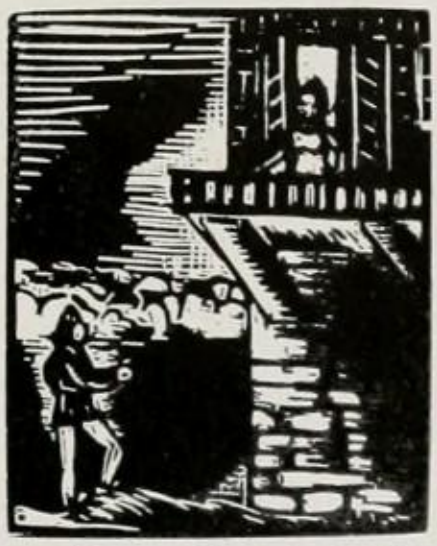
As always, the Dramatic Society once again presented their annual Spring Show, a one-act play, this term at the peace assembly of April 22. The play presented, "Pawns" by Percival Wilde, was in itself unusual and timely. It was exceptionally well produced. Joseph Opperman, President of the Society, directed the show and played the main role—both of which achievements were roundly applauded and appreciated. The important roles of Stepan and Grigor, played by George Koushnaroff and Paul Koenigsberg respectively, were given line interpretations, while the parts of Lame Peter and Michael, played by John Titterington and Aaron Frankel, were also commendably portrayed. The remaining characters, Ilia, done by Morton Rosen, and The Speaker, a new innovation in Harris shows, as rendered by Joseph Berliner, were well handled and were received with favor.

All in all, a well-enjoyed, timely, well-produced presentation takes its place with other successful Harris Spring Shows of the past.

# VARSITY SHOWS-- THEN AND NOW

by Aaron M. Frankel

'Twas back in '07, when Townsend Harris was but the Sub-Freshman class of C. C. N. Y. and was located uptown, that Mr. Morris Geer, cleaner extraordinary, saw the inauspicious birth of the Harris Varsity Show. Inauspicious indeed it was, for all Mr. Geer saw was the youngest of the famous Hackett family toying with Shakespeare with a few colleagues in a back-yard adjoining the school.



It was decided soon after that that the English Department would produce an annual play, and as the first adviser for this new activity Professor Taaffe, of the College, was appointed. Professor Taaffe dealt almost exclusively with Shakespeare, and throughout his reign was ably assisted by Mr. Dave Long, the "Mr. Conti" of the uptown building. Following Professor Taaffe, Professor J. Tynan, also of the College, conducted our Dramatic activities. After him, about 1920, came our own Mr. David Klein.

The Varsity Show then was merely a production staged by one of the clubs of the school. However, Dramatics at the time was the most important extra-curricular activity, and was enthusiastically supported by the entire school. Dr. Klein advanced this metamorphosis greatly, but was soon forced to give up this work, and a teacher in the French Department, Mr. Polinger, succeeded him. The usual entertainment then was three one-act plays.

Then, in 1922, the ever-popular and sacrificing James Flynn took over these tasks. It was during this period that the first semblance of a Varsity Show appeared, for every term the Senior Class would present an original farce (at the expense of the Faculty). However, after six consecutive shows, these skits began to become patterned; a need for plots was felt. Mr. Flynn tells of the time when he was obliged to miss a Boat Ride in order to do the tremendous job of writing a play. Associated with him then was a brilliant young man in the English Department who unfortunately died soon after, Mr. Martin P. Kennedy.

Mr. Flynn finally came into complete control in 1925, when he produced "Disraeli". For the first time, a person was appointed to assist in the business end of a production, and this was Mr. Blake, of the History Department. Since the school was located at 138th Street, all these productions were presented at the Hecksher Theatre at 104th Street.

In 1926, when Mr. Flynn retired from this activity, Professor Bell, once more of the College, became supervisor of Dramatics. Professor Bell's idea was to have separate class nights, when each class would present a play. He soon gave up this work, and Mr. Trilling, of our English Department, supervised these productions. Among others, incidentally, the "Rivals" was once produced by a Lower B class. Soon, however, class nights were abandoned; Mr. Trilling then directed a presentation of "Dulcy".

"In these productions, modernity and comedy combined was preferred," said Mr. Flynn when interviewed. "Soon, these shows became annual rather than semi-annual, so that a Varsity Show was presented in the Fall Term, while a Spring Show, usually of lesser proportions, was given in the Spring Term. My idea, in all these productions, was to present a smooth, professional-looking piece, and I can assure you that everyone concerned 'sweated blood' ".

About 1929 the sincere, well-appreciated Mr. Dennett became conductor of these Dramatic activities, and it was with him that the Varsity Show took its present form. In that year Mr. Trilling had directed a production of "The Show-Off", and in 1930, while Harris was still uptown, Mr. Dennett was very successful with "The Whole Town's Talking". The following year "The Importance of Being Earnest" was also successfully presented, and for this show the girls were secured from Hunter High School. The year after that, 1932, the most expensive play ever put on was produced, "Seven Keys to Baldpate". That was the last of Mr. Dennett's shows, for it was the first presented at the new location at 23rd Street, and he could never become used to the lack of freedom here. In 1933, "The Show-Off" was once again presented, directed by Mr. Jules Adolphe, a student teacher. Then, in 1934, two one-act plays, "Pierre Patelin" and "Alison's Lad", were given, both directed by Mr. Lester Winter, an English teacher who has since left the school. Finally, last year, 1935, the uproarious comedy by Brandon Thomas, "Charley's Aunt", was presented, and was the first

play to be coached by an outsider when Mr. J. Elliot Leonard, versatile actor and director, directed one of the biggest successes in Harris history. Mr. Penn deserves recognition for his unselfish and unappreciated work on this shows behalf.

Among former Harris actors who have since won renown in the field of dramatics is Edward G. Robinson, Edward Guldenberg as a student. He was featured in those Shakespearian productions of Professor Taaffe. One of the current theater's better playwrights is Sidney Kingsley, who was Sidney Kirshner when a student here. Incidently,he wrote an original play for one of Dr. Klein's shows, entitled "First Aid for Mabel". Another Harris actor was Bill Steig, who now draws those famous cartoons for the New Yorker Magazine. Of course, there are many others who were once enrolled at Harris and who are now making names in the theatrical world.

In conclusion, I take the opportunity to voice my sincere appreciation to Mr. Flynn, Mr. Dennett, and Mr. Penn for their invaluable and gracious assistance in compiling this record.

# SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS

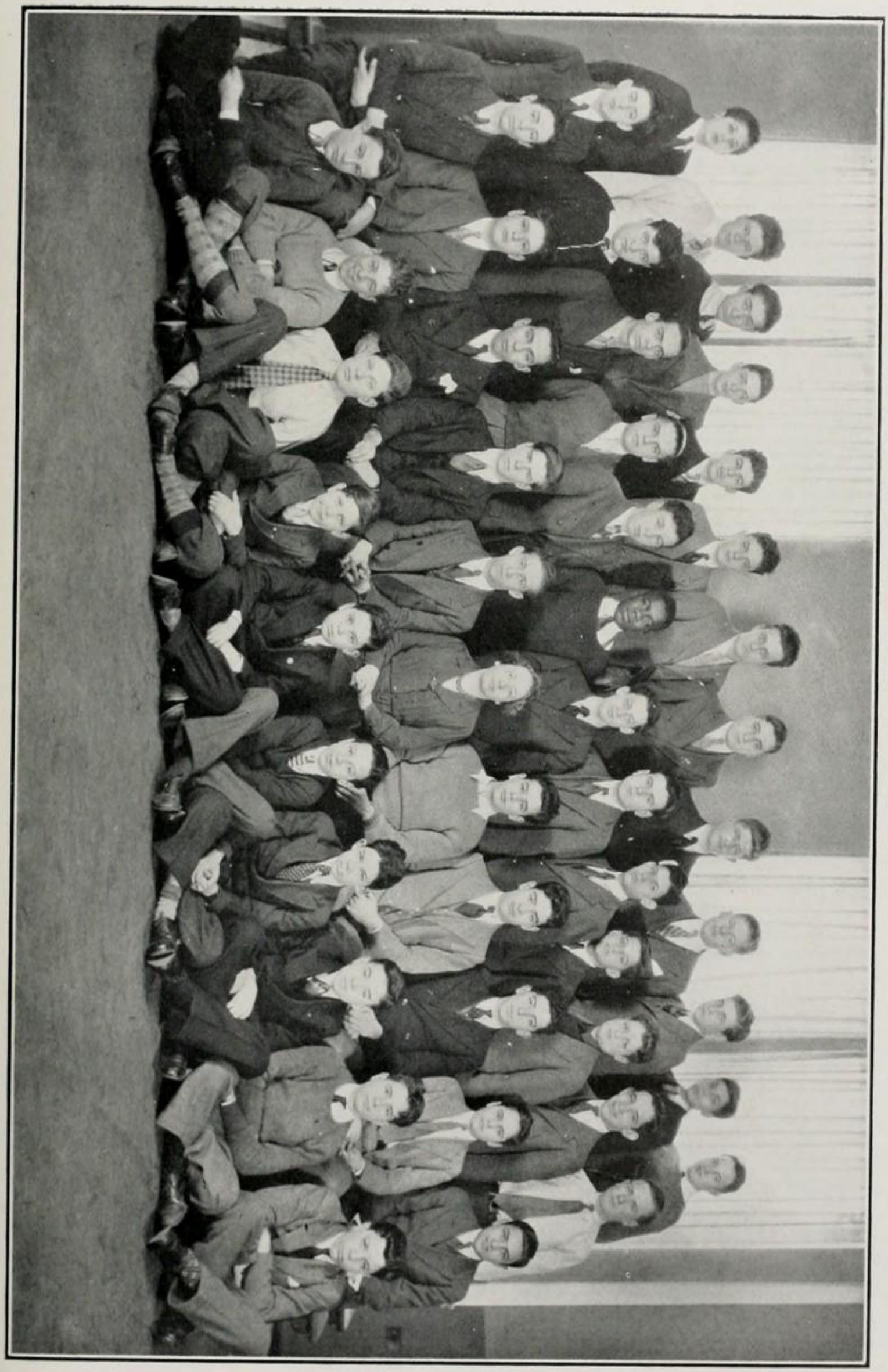
If we examine the daily life of a Harrisite, we discover that during the course of the day he comes into contact with the work of two, if not all three, service squads. The Traffic Department, in regulating the between-period rush of students, almost completely eliminates congestion and waste of time on the stairs and in the halls. It would be difficult for the ordinary Harrisite to keep in touch with club notices, school announcements, G. O. services, etc., if it were not for the Information Bureau. In the library, a group of boys take over the monotonous and unappreciated task of stamping books in order that the librarian and her assistant may find enough time to direct inquiring students in their choice of books.

Despite the acknowledged fact that these squads are indispensable to a smooth-running school organization, a complaint arises that the efficiency of these service organizations may be raised above the present standard. It has been pointed out that in the Traffic Department the officers and a few of their friends treat themselves to privileges which violate the rules that they themselves have to enforce. Wherever the fault may lie, in the misunderstanding of the officers or in the laxity of the student directors, it can certainly be corrected.

As regards the Information Bureau, the chief complaint seems to be that some notices escape being posted. A more systematized means of collecting notices and announcements would remedy this defect.

The speed with which the members of the Library Squad attend to the stamping of the books testifies to their usefulness and efficiency. Since the administration of the Library is not vested in their hands, the members of this squad are seldom responsible for the occasional mishaps which occur.

When viewed as a whole, the service organizations do function with a commendable adequacy which might well be appreciated by the student body.



TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

# "THEY SHALL COME INTO THEIR OWN"

An Editorial

Some six years ago, when Harris was moved from Convent Avenue to its present site, a noticeable athletic decadence set in. Previous to this, all the teams were coached by faculty members and met, with considerable success, powerful opponents. A glance back into the sports records of our school reveals the surprising fact that we often defeated such schools as De Witt Clinton in some major sports.

But with the change in location came a sudden downfall. Hampered by a lack of practice space, our teams, although coached by members of the Hygiene Staff, were not able to keep up to P.S.A.L. standards. Gradually team after team was dropped from the league until now only the tennis and swimming teams remain in the competition. The result of this upheaval was a loss of interest in sports on the part of Harrisites. So alarming were conditions that Harris became equivalent to a laughing stock.

Conditions remained the same until almost a year ago, when coaches and players came down to earth with the realization that a radical schedule adjustment was necessary.

And so, an experiment was begun, and several other preparatory schools similar to Harris were included in our schedules. The results were so encouraging that these teams were made a permanent part of our schedules.

Now, with most of the Harris teams turning in winning percentages, interest in Harris sports has once again arisen.

It is with a fervent plea for the continuance of the present system of choosing opponents that we look forward to the time when Harris sports "will come into their own once again."

BASKETBALL TEAM

# THE BASKETBALL TEAM

by Sidney K. Halpern

Despite the loss of its entire varsity through graduation, this year's Crimson and Gold quintet has had one of the best seasons in its history, winning seven out of ten games. Led by Acting Captain Ben Genad, the Basketeers defeated such formidable opponents as Central Needle Trades, Columbia Grammar twice, the C.C.N.Y. Freshmen and Sophomores, Franklin Prep, and the Alumni. The only losses were those to Benjamin Franklin, Roosevelt, and Morris.

The highlight of the team's season came when Coach Olt entered Henry Lazarowitz in an inter-city basket-shooting contest. Lazarowitz finished in third place.

This year's team produced no outstanding individual star, but functioned together to produce a winning combination. The effect of this on the student body was shown in the last part of the season, when Harrisites turned out en masse to see a victorious Harris basketball squad win its last five games.

| | |
|---|---|
| Manager | Sidney K. Halpern |
| Acting Captain | Benjamin Genad |
| Coach | Mr. Olt |

TRACK TEAM

# THE TRACK TEAM

by Murray Bogatin

With very few veterans and no letter-men from last year's squad in its ranks, the track team has completed a highly successful season. The team got off to a flying start by holding indoor practice during the winter months, which may account for its fine showing during the regular season.

Under the leadership of Capt. Sidney Newmark, the team, although it set no records, conquered many outstanding rivals. The few defeats which it did suffer were at the hands of teams which rank with the best in the city.

From a group of raw recruits which would have caused many a man to despair, Coach Zasloff assembled a truly fine team. He deserves much of the credit for the excellent showing made by the squad, for it was through his able coaching and constant drilling that Harris has been rewarded with a team worthy of running for the Crimson and Gold.

Captain ..... Sidney Newmark
Manager ..... Murray Bogatin
Coach ..... Mr. Zasloff

FENCING TEAM

# THE FENCING TEAM

by Sanford Rogers

Because of the abolition of P.S.A.L. fencing, the fencing team this semester engaged only those schools that were considered fitting opponents by Coach Montague and Captain Mitchell.

Between terms, the trio representing Townsend Harris advanced to the quarter-finals in the Biddle Cup Tournament. Among those beaten was last year's winner, Clinton. When Flushing was faced in the third round, it seemed until the very end as if the Crimson and Gold were to triumph again, but a last minute rally on the part of the Long Islanders saved the match for them.

At the beginning of the season there were only three men with any experience, and Coach Montague had before him the task of shaping a team out of poor material, but, as ever, he rounded out a worthy squad in time for active competition.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain | Robert Mitchell |
| Manager | Myron Daly |
| Coach | Mr. Montague |

BASEBALL TEAM

# THE BASEBALL TEAM

by Morton Teicher

Aided by four veterans, a well-balanced schedule, and new material, this semester Coach Arthur Yanella has developed a nine that is truly representative of Townsend Harris.

There were several important factors in the teams success, one of which was Seymour Balkin's fine work both as captain and as a player. The untiring efforts of Coach Yanella must also be noted.

Most of the good play of the team, however, can be traced to the schedule. In all previous seasons, it was here that our chief trouble lay. The caliber of the schools usually encountered was so much above that of our squad, that the results were disastrous. This year, to avoid such a contingency, the schedule has been very carefully planned.

The successful season this year, coupled with the fact that only three regulars graduate, tend to make future prospects very bright.

Captain ..... Seymour Balkin
Manager ..... Morton Teicher
Coach ..... Arthur Yanella

# THE TENNIS TEAM

by Theodore Schein

When one wishes to cite the Harris team which does most to uphold the prestige of the school in athletics, he invariably points to the tennis team. It is heartening, after innumerable setbacks in other sports, to see a successful tennis team romp through its schedule scoring victory after victory.

This semester, because of a new arrangement of the P.S.A.L. schedules, which provided for a division of the league into several parts, the tennis team was given a greater opportunity than ever before to distinguish itself. In fact, at the beginning of the season the squad was favored to win the championship of its division, and to date it has given no indication that it will fall short of its goal.

The results attained by the team can be attributed mainly to the experience of the players. Captain Robert Siebert and Theodore Schein, stalwarts of last year's aggregation, again helped to turn the balance in favor of Harris.

# THE SWIMMING TEAM

by Warren Kraemer

Though it did not come out near the top in this season's P.S.A.L. championships, the Swimming Team is proud of its accomplishments. From an unorganized squad of boys, who, for the most part, had never engaged in competition before, it became a well-trained, smoothly working unit.

More than half of the team was made up of lower classmen who will be eligible for next season's squad. This means, of course, that they will have two or more years of the experience and training that is so essential to the team's success. As a result they will be much better fitted to meet the strong opposition that other teams offer.

In no small measure is the development of the team due to coach Jay Counsellor, who gave unstintingly of his time and knowledge.

# BASKETBALL -- NEWEST CRAZE

by Alan L. Otten

Madison Square Garden. Twenty thousand throats shouting, pleading for a last minute point. And there you have it—the nation-wide favorite indoor sport—basketball.

Ever since its invention in 1891, when James Naismith conceived the idea of this comparatively young sport, basketball has been growing in popularity. At the present time there is hardly a college or school in the United States that does not sponsor a team, and no team lacks rooters.

For many years, gatherings of basketball coaches have been constantly amending the rules, in order to minimize the roughness long associated with the game. To this end, changes were made last year lessening the frequency of the rough center jump, giving the players more room on jump-balls, removing the possibility of a stationary pivot on the offense, and giving both the goal and foul shot to a player fouled while making a basket.

Still another feature making basketball such an enjoyable game is its uncertainty. Good foul shooting, combined with a hawk-eyed referee, can overthrow a world-beating team. Simply because of an off-night, a long campaign, or a strange court, an Olympic favorite may go down to defeat.

Though there are many excellent teams throughout the country, such as Notre Dame and Purdue, New York City seems to have many teams which, if not champions in the true sense of the word, at least seem to win consistently. Until New York University went on a fatal road trip to Georgetown and Temple, it had gone the entire season without defeat, and was considered the "top" in Eastern basketball. After its return, however, it was twice more defeated by Notre Dame and Manhattan, and almost lost to a far from perfect City College five.

After these defeats, the metropolitan supremacy fell to Long Island U. and Manhattan. However, since L. I. U. students decided not to make an Olympic bid, Manhattan, along with a weak St. Francis team was left to bear New York City's banners in the tryouts, where neither got further than the first round. Other metropolitan teams enjoying successful seasons were Columbia, who "ran away" with the Eastern Intercollegiate title, St. John's, Fordham, and C. C. N. Y.

# COMMONPLACE

by Daniel I. Rothbaum

There was nothing unusual about him. Nothing that would make you turn around when he passed in the street. You just took him for granted; his sombre clothes, his detached look, they seemed to have been born with him. His daily routine was the same. Seven o'clock found him sleepily awake, waiting his turn at the wash stand. His toilet wasn't very detailed. Washing his teeth, a rinsing of his hands, and an absent-minded combing of knotted hair sufficed. The problem of whether a clean shirt was in order always imet the same decision. "Tomorrow." Tomorrow never came. His shirts looked it.

Perhaps that's why he lost his job. "Slovenly" was the word the manager used.

"My dear fellow, this store has a reputation for keeping only neat and intelligent help. You are neither. The cashier will give you your pay envelope."

Neat and intelligent hell! A bunch of pasty-faced idiots who did all but fondle the manager to keep in his good graces. And they were satisfied to continue in their aimless way.

"Yes madame, it looks beautiful on you. It should look that way on everybody," or, "I've seen that suit on many men, but never did it look like that. Why it looks as if it grew on you."

Intelligent! The blubbering fools didn't know anything outside of their own little world. From Monday at nine until Saturday at noon they thought only of the store. Saturday night they went out. Took the girl friend to a picture or a dance, then up to her apartment. They spent the greater part of Sunday boasting about how far they'd gotten the night before. Coarse pigs. They weren't fit company for dogs. And they were called intelligent. Boy, that was a laugh!

A tour of the agencies proved fruitless. He wasn't anxious to get a job washing dishes, but after a time even that would have been welcome. He'd been thrown out of his boarding house long ago, and the shabby suit was a series of patches. Some holes weren't repaired, and when the wind blew he nearly froze. A kind soul gave him an overcoat, but it didn't assuage the gnawing in the pit of his stomach.

Each day he grew weaker. Each day the buzzing in his head grew louder; the dizzy spells came oftener. He applied at relief headquarters some time in February and they promised to investigate his case immediately. He continued along for many weeks. Begging bread here, a few pennies there, always on the lookout for the never-attainable employment. In April he again returned to the relief agency. But of course! Someone must have been assigned to investigate his case. Why yes, agent BD77q had been dircted to look into the matter. How careless. There never had been an agent BD77q. What a mistake.

"But you go right home and wait. We'll send a man immediately."

They wouldn't listen to his protest that he had no home.

"Sorry, that comes under the Reconstruction Branch office. We can do nothing for you."

That was the first time he laughed in a long while. The tears streamed down his cheeks, and it was so hearty that the clerk in charge became frightened. He was still laughing when he left the office.

In May, about seven months after he had lost his job, he began going to meetings, meetings protesting that so many like himself were starving. At the beginning he was but a silent spectator, not even cheering at the appropriate places. Later his enthusiasm overcame his natural shyness. He yelled as heartily as the next fellow, and even when he shouldn't have been, he was talking loudly, incoherently. The movement was in his blood. He spent his time talking to others who warmed the city's benches. He stood in line outside of relief headquarters, arguing with men too dazed to reason, arguing that the pittance they were receiving to keep them alive temporarily was not enough. They must take steps to remedy the causes of such a condition. His fervor increased. He didn't even mind when some horse's behind was shoved into his face by an over-zealous policeman.

But one day it caught up with him. Someone in the crowd threw a brick. It broke a window—all that was needed to set the guardians of the law into action. Down charged the cossacks. Horses plunging, they rode into the crowd. A swinging night stick caught him behind the ear and he fell without a murmur. A rearing horse dashed his brains out. He died knowing no pain. There was nothing unusual about him. They took

him to the morgue, tied a tag on his toe, and stretched him out on a long white slab. The tag flapped whenever they opened the door to admit another "accidental death."

He was buried in September without benefit of pomp. Even in death he was ordinary, just a pine box and a space in Potters Field. The attendants didn't look twice. They lowered the box and kicked in some dirt.

"Rest in peace, Bud."

Amen.

# REPORTER'S ROUTINE

by Simon Alpert

"Hey Crawford," bawled the city editor of the Evening Dispatch above the din in the local newsroom. "C'mere."

"Coming, Mr. Nelson." At the far end of the noisy room a tall, flaxen-haired young man, drawing from his typewriter a sheet of copy paper, tossed it with several others on the nearest copyreader's desk. Then he threaded his way rapidly among the rows of littered desks with their knots of typewriter-pounding newspapermen, and hurried up to the desk of the city editor. "Here I am, Mr. Nelson," he announced.

The city editor grunted a final goodbye into a telephone beside him, turned to Crawford and barked, "How'd your copy come out?"

"Okay, column and a half," said Crawford.

"Um. Awright. Now then scoot over to General Sessions. Stewart's sentencing that convicted killer at two. Routine stuff, but something might come of it. Hurry up!"

"All right. How much?"

"Two columns, with a long tie-in. Slug it "killer." If you get anything good, just telephone in and I'll get the rewrite men to work on it."

"Okay, Mr. Nelson," Crawford said, and as the city editor turned impatiently to the clamoring telephones, Crawford strode out of the local newsroom. Six minutes later, at 1:44, the newspaperman was on the downtown express. And at exactly three minutes to two Crawford entered Judge Stewart's General Sessions court in the Criminal Court Building and took a seat up front with the other newspapermen and photographers.

"Anything new here?" he asked Brittman of the Clarion, who sat near him.

"Nope. Everything's as quiet around as a mouse on the night before Christmas."

"Thanks." Crawford leaned back on the hard wooden bench and looked around at the crowded courtroom. Then as the door

to the judge's chambers swung open and Judge Stewart entered, he stood up with the rest of the hushed spectators. Judge Stewart opened court; they sat down again and Crawford scribbled some descriptive background as Judge Stewart said gravely:

"Will the prisoner please rise?"

To the accompaniment of flashlight flares from the photographers, there stepped up before the judge's dais a squat, heavy jowled man with sullen lips. A fit pawn for the chess game of law.

"Have - you - anything - to - say - why - sentence of this court shall not be passed upon you?" the judge intoned mechanically, with the rapidity which years of routine had given him.

Sulkily, with a shake of his head, the prisoner vetoed the judge's request. And Judge Stewart looked down at the convicted killer and remarked without further preamble:

"It is the order of this court that you be taken to the New York State Prison at Ossining, and there be put to death during the week of July 17 in the manner provided by the laws of this state."

The condemned man snarled under his breath. The crowded courtroom rustled. And Crawford took down verbatim the condemnation, rode back to the office, where he played up the story in a two-column spread with a long tie-in, as per orders. Then he slugged each page "killer" and carted his copy over to the city editor, who dropped it after a glance on a copywriter's desk.

"All right, Crawford," he said. "Here's something else. Kennedy, our best man in Fire Headquarters, phoned in about a fire in Coney Island. Look into it, will you?"

"Okay, Mr. Nelson."

A few minutes later Crawford plunked another nickel into a subway turnstile and rode to the outlying district where the fire had been reported.

And fire it was. The usual jostling crowd, the usual blazing structure and the usual blinding heat, the usual number of—wait! there were one-two-three—yep! four hook and ladder companies there! Must be something important. He asked his neighbor, "What's the building that's burning? Do you know?"

The neighbor turned. "The building," he shouted to Crawford

above the bedlam of the crowd. "It's an orphan asylum. Poor kids! I wonder if they'll make it."

Boy! what a story loaded with dynamite. No straight news this. But got to get the facts anyway. The reporter elbowed determinedly through the dense, jostling crowd. Then he fired questions at the laboring firemen who were too busy to answer, tried to pump the police, who told him to get back on the sidewalk. But finally, after hours of feverish hunting, Crawford got the details and phoned them in to the city editor.

"Great work, Crawford," came Nelson's voice. "The rewrite men'll attend to this story. I've got something else for you. Boy out in Sunnyside, Queens. Swallowed a whistle. Every time you pull his left ear the whistle blows somewhere down in his throat. It's a great human interest story. Cover it. We'll box it near the fudge column, where it's sure to be noticed."

And so on. From Queens Crawford went to Wall Street to get copy on a savings bank that had attempted to do acrobatics with the money of its depositors. From Wall Street, to the Central Park Zoo, where a monkey was annoying an elephant with uproarious results. And from there back to the office, to check in, do a bit of proofreading on the home edition, rewrite the hash a cub had made of some small assignment, and take an emergency turn at the teletype. Then he was dismissed for the day, with a commendatory jest by the city editor.

"Good job, Crawford. If this keeps up we'll have to send you as our correspondent in the next war. Well s'long."

"Goodbye, Mr. Nelson," grinned Crawford. "And thanks for the offer. I'll think it over."

And when late that night the newspaperman retired, hungry and tired, to the little Italian restaurant around the corner, the waiter, coiling spaghetti on Crawford's plate, asked him:

"Anything new in the papers today, Mr. Crawford?"

Johnny Crawford hitched his chair closer to the table and attacked the spaghetti. "No, Tony," he replied absentmindedly, "just the usual things. Nothing new ever happens to the newspaper business . . ."

# CENTURIE AVANTI

by John Ripandelli

A few years ago I went to Italy to live. Although I went with the firm intention of returning to America as soon as possible, I did not know when I should see my country again. Fortunately I was able to return much sooner than I expected, so that my sojourn in that country has remained fixed in my mind as a pleasant two-year lark.

One of the remembrances which I have carried away with me, and which I shall probably never forget, is this little story I am going to tell.

Because of my Italian parentage I was obliged to join the Fascist youth organization. I remember having a hard time trying to find a uniform that would fit me, for Italians are generally of a small stature. After a great deal of trouble I finally succeeded in completing my uniform which consisted of a grey-green alpine hat, a thin, black cotton shirt, grey-green flannel pants, leggings of the same material and color, and high black shoes. That same week I received a notice commanding me to appear at headquarters the following Sunday morning. Sunday morning came. It was a cold, dreary day, but that could not be given as an excuse for not appearing, so I started putting on my uniform as best I could. When I reached headquarters, I found the courtyard already full. The officers, who were easily discernible because of the silver or gold stripes they wore on their sleeves, were trying to arrange the boys in ranks. One saw me standing there; he hurriedly came over, told me to join the others as soon as I had left my overcoat in one of the empty rooms, and hurried away. Before long everyone was satisfied with our appearance and the Avanti, or Forward March, command was given.

None of us knew where we were going. The excercise helped to keep us all warm; many in the ranks were in a happy mood and began to sing patriotic songs. Soon everyone joined in the singing. I did not know the songs, but when anyone chanced to look my way, I diligently opened and closed my mouth as if I were singing. They all sang as loudly as they could; no doubt many a late sleeper must have cursed us in his own inimitable manner that morning. After an hour's march our centuria (a body of one hundred men) was halted in the big square facing the railroad station; this came as a surprise,

for none of us had expected to leave the city that morning. Rumors started circulating, as usual, among the ranks that we were going to Venice, which was extremely unlikely for Venice had its own Avanguardisti, or Boy-Scouts. Meanwhile the square was filling up with more and more Avanguardisti; even the Sea-Scouts or Marinaretti had been summoned, for several squads of them, each trundling its light field cannon had just come into the square. By this time several hours had elapsed, and we, the first arrivals, were becoming restless. Although I had had some experience in standing on line (for example, when trying to buy a ticket in the lunchroom), it was hardly comparable to this. It was tiring standing there in complete ignorance of what we were supposed to do, and of where we were going. Besides, we were all cold and stiff, for the thin shirts we were wearing afforded no protection against the keen mountain air coming from the Alps. At noon when everyone in the square had become restless and tired, the trucks containing our food rumbled up and we each received a paper bag with our lunch in it. Almost simultaneously the order to file into the station was given. Slowly the square was emptied of all the humanity it had contained a few minutes previously.

Two trains were needed to take all of us to our destination. While the trains were going at full speed we found time to eat lunch, and to take pot-shots at objects standing along the embankment with the refuse. The food had warmed the vocal cords of a few budding tenors, who started singing the same songs they had sung that morning. There are only seven or eight of these songs, so they become slightly monotonous at the third or fourth hearing. When the trains finally came to a stop, the great mystery of our destination was solved. We had arrived at the historic village of Legnano, which is situated to the north-west of Milan, about seventy-five kilometers away.

Without further ado, as soon as our ranks reformed, we marched, centuria by centuria, to a little square located in front of the city-hall. There we were stationed with our backs to the sidewalk, facing the street. The ranks four deep could be seen extending down the street as far as the eye could reach. As usual rumors started circulating again, but none of them sounded convincing; to this day I still do not know why they brought us there. It was colder in Legnano than in Milan, because it is nearer the Alps. The hours dragged on; two hours had already elapsed since we had been stationed there, and there was no sign of the official who was to inspect us. Singing had been given up long ago because everyone was tired of hearing the same old songs. No one knew any more jokes; those who did, reminded me of the humor often heard in Harris locker rooms, they were that bad. There was a general dampening of spirits in the ranks. It had

grown colder, not even the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands helped much now. Adding to the general uncomfortable feeling was the torture of having to smell the fragrant odor of coffee coming from a cafe behind us, and of being prevented from slipping in to drink a cup of that stimulating beverage. At the end of another hour there was a general restlessness in the ranks. Officers had to keep a sharp lookout for anyone who tried to sneak away to get himself something hot to drink, for if one were to start, a general stampede would have followed. Suddenly a blare of trumpets was heard, a hush fell over the ranks, and amid this silence the Secretary of Education inspected row after row of Avanguardisti. Once the inspection was over, the welcome order to march was given.

On coming out of a comparatively quiet street, we found ourselves marching up the main street of the village. The band was playing, flags were flying from every house top, and hundreds of people lined the street to watch us go by. I was bewildered, although the others around me were living an exciting moment. I could see it in their faces. But this moment was short-lived, and the interminable wait began again. The trains that were to take us home did not arrive for another two hours. Fortunately discipline was more lax, and it was possible to slip away to some warm cafe. Night had fallen before the trains arrived, and when they did, we lost no time in getting into the cars to get out of the cold night air. We were all eager to get home to the hot dinners we knew were waiting for us. A few of those in the railroad compartment with me who knew the use of the bathtub besides that of storing oil-flasks, rubbers, shoes, and umbrellas in it, were telling each other of the hot baths they were going to take.

I could go on like this indefinitely, but since this is the best time to take leave of them, we bid farewell to these young fascists, warriors of the future.

# SIDE-SHOW

by Daniel I. Rothbaum

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and for the tenth part of a dollar see the greatest array of freaks ever presented before an American audience. From the heights of the twelfth floor we bring you a red-bearded man who will thrill you as he cowers into submission any Latin pony that happens to invade his room. Or a man, short in stature, the terror of the ninth floor, who will enter a cage unarmed to do battle with a dozen ferocious T. D.'s. But first and foremost we offer you what we consider the most unique, terrific, colossal, tremendous, gigantic exhibit of all, the Harris snobs, as queer a group of individuals as ever "picked up de peps" in the lunch room.

Walking along the tenth floor we meet him of the Arts and Letters Society. A prime requisite of an A. & L. S. S. is an icy stare. He is indignant when you confuse him with a member of the Art Society. They are painters; he an artist. This term his nose went still higher. He is thinking of the shiny new $40 victrola. Like the bit of harmony geometrically inclined, his brain goes round and round. Whoops!

Max Smith, he of entrance exam fame, has unknowingly, we suppose, bred his own particular brand of snob. They are interested in nothing but marking entrance exam papers, and take particular pride in having stayed later than anyone else the day of the exam. Mimicking their creator, they have everything down to a system. They never dare murmur while in their master's den, but once outside there is no holding them. They rattle off long, complicated formulas until you, and they, are dizzy. They are a proud product of his Phi Beta Kappa mind. I am the Lord thy God. Stooge!

Last, and contrary to custom, least, is the Senior snob. He's been stepped on all his life and now he's ruler of the roost. His senior hat perched precariously on his head threatens to fall off at any moment. His nose rides in the air, and you are sure that if he is so foolish as to sneeze it will knock him flat on his back. The senior button he wears glistens in the sun as he happily struts along. Only one cloud darkens his horizon. He's buttered his bread; now he'll have to sleep in it. Hi-Ho!

And all this for the slight sum of ten cents, one dime, the tenth part of a dollar. All right folks, don't shove. There's plenty of room for all. How many, sir?

# ODE TO A HARRISITE

by Lloyd Ulman

Oh I could write a saga
'Bout the ships that sail the sea,
And I could write a sonnet
To a lassie who'd love me;
And I could sing of battles
Of the boys in gray and blue—
Or I could pen a line of verse,
My Harrisite, to you.

Yes I could make you handsome
In a rhythmic, well-turned line,
(And though you're four foot ten, my lad,
I'd make you five foot nine!)
I'd renovate you, Harrisite
I'd purify you so,
That though your sins as scarlet are,
They'd be as white as snow.

I'd write you such a tribute
That when all was said and done,
You'd be transformed, O Harrisite,
You'd be a man my son!
And you'd be greatly flattered
(Though you'd sagely say, "How true!")
To see a perfect creature that
Most clearly wasn't you!

Oh, I could sing your praise
To a blushing sunset sky—
Your noble brow, your brawny arm,
Firm chin, and flashing eye.
Yes I could make you perfect;
You'd like it lad, but still
I love the truth, my Harrisite,
So darn me if I will!

# FLOOD

by Sol Youngworth

"Run for your lives! The dam has given way! Run!" Like wildfire the message spread through the town. "Run! The dam has given way! We'll all be drowned!" Shouts rose to shrieks, screams. People dashed madly, wild-eyed, through the streets, clutching their loved ones and precious belongings. Jostling, pushing, the frightened people ran beserk. Pandemonium reigned. Dashing up a flight of crooked basement steps came a furtive-looking individual, hatless, tieless, coatless. He looked wide-eyed at the jostling throng. A struggling policeman bellowed, "This way, everybody, this way! Calm now! Take it easy! Hey you, by the steps, this way! Calm now! There are trains waiting to take you out! Stop shoving! Trains are . . ."

The furtive-looking individual paused for a moment in indecision. The jostling crowd began to thin out. Wheeling, the man plunged back into the basement, three steps at a time. He ran into a dirty windowless little room which contained a battered old cot. The floor was strewn with cigarette butts. Slamming the door violently, the man plunged for a battered valise that was under the cot. Wrenching it open, he looked hurriedly within. A sigh of relief escaped his lips. He slammed the valise shut. Clutching it tightly, he dashed to the door and fumbled feverishly with the knob. The door refused to budge. A muttered "damn" escaped the man's lips. He pulled, tore, kicked the door, but to no avail. It refused to budge. Beads of sweat came out on his forehead. The man pounded on the door, yelled, shouted, screamed—but to no avail. The door refused to budge. The man ran his fingers through his hair feverishly. He looked about him, wild-eyed, hair disheveled. He ran to the opposite wall, pounded, yelled—but to no avail.

Suddenly, there came a gushing, tearing sound. "The flood, the flood, it's here!" screamed the man. "I'll be drowned!" With a solid impact, a wall of water plunged down the alley and hit the door. The door was thick. It held. Inside, the man became panic-stricken. Water, coming in through the spaces between door and casement, began flooding the room. Wild-eyed, the man sloshed through the water to the cot. Tearing a blanket as he went, he splashed back through the knee-high water to the door. Gasping

mouthfuls of air feverishly, the man stuffed the strips of blanket into the cracks. Panting, sweating, chest heaving, the man stepped back from the door. The water stopped coming in, except for a scarcely perceptible trickle, which couldn't be helped.

Climbing on the cot, the man leaned against the wall. He mopped his brow with a wet forearm. His eyes were fastened on a horizontal panel of the door. The panel had just been reached by the water. Breathing in audible gasps of air, the man stood motionless. The water began to rise, slowly but surely. The man stood in water up to his waist. The air became warm, fetid, sluggish. The water was ice-cold. With fascinated eyes, the man watched the water slowly rise. He was dripping with sweat in the ice-cold water.

He lit a candle, which was luckily on a shelf above his head. The flame flickered and then steadied itself, casting a ghostly aura about. The water in the room glimmered.

Placing the lit candle on the shelf, the man turned once more and watched the water. As he gazed with blank eyes, his past began to come before him. Yes, he had always been a good-for-nothing, a crook. Remember the time you shot the cop ? Remember the time you pulled that bank job? Remember how you ran over that little boy during the get-away? Remember . . . Faces beagn to appear before him. A stern-faced apparition levelled an accusing finger at him. "You killed my son!"

Another figure appeared. "You murdered my brother!"

Another apparition appeared. "You murdered . . ."

"God, no!" screamed the man. "It was an accident, I tell you! I'm innocent! It wasn't my fault . . ."

"You made others suffer. Therefore, you must suffer. This is your reward."

"Give me another chance! I . . ."

"You never gave anybody a chance."

"Oh please," beseeched the trapped one pitifully, "Please don't let me die! I'll be good! I'll never steal again! I'll never—look—here—this valise full of money—this cursed valise—here—look—I'm spilling out all the money—look—two thousand thousand dollars! Ha-ha-ha . . ."

The apparitions vanished. The hysterical man became a bit more sane. The water, which had reached his shoulders, shocked him back into reality. He watched the glimmering waters creep slowly upwards. Through his mind, but in a saner fashion, came thoughts, profound thoughts. "I don't deserve to live . . . But I don't want to die! Oh, if only I had a chance . . . I could make good . . . but no, what chance have I . . . even if I don't drown like a rat, I'll be picked up by the police . . . I'll get mine . . . the chair . . ."

Slowly, the seconds stretched into days, the minutes stretched into years, the hours stretched into centuries. Between fits of madness and fits of cold sanity, the man watched his death creep up on him. This was a torture worthy of the ancient Chinese. The man, for the first time in his life, prayed, prayed for blessed unconsciousness, oblivion—. But no, as if some power kept him awake, he could not get away from himself. The water was up to his lips. He stood on tiptoe, neck outstretched. The candle began flickering for want of oxygen. The water began to rise . . . then suddenly, it receded. Was that a prank of his imagination? Was that . . . Then came to the trapped man blessed unconsciousness.

He came to on a cot in an emergency hospital. Opening wondering eyes, the man took in his surroundings. Rows of cots were on all sides of him. He looked about furtively. He was a wanted man . . . His photograph was in every police station . . . He put a hand to a throbbing forehead. Wh-what was that on his skin—or was it his skin? It seemed wrinkled. Perceiving a small, round eye-doctor's mirror on a table beside him, he leaned over and picked it up. He peered into it. A gasp of surprise escaped his lips. In the mirror he saw—not the hardened, young criminal, but an old, wrinkled, gray-headed man. Was he still dreaming or perhaps delirious? No, the face in the mirror was his. Wh-what-how-how was this possible . . . The man suddenly saw the light. Yes, that must be it! He remembered once

reading that in extreme cases of mental anxiety, the poisons of the body are driven to the head, causing the hair to turn grey within aa short a period as twenty-four hours. In extremely rare cases, the person seems to age entirely.

"My chance!" he ejaculated. "My chance! Nobody can recognize me now! My one prayer has been answered! I have paid for my sins! I can start out anew! It isn't too late! I'm a new man!"

A startled nurse came over and quieted him. "You must rest," admonished the nurse.

"I can rest and for the first time!" breathed the man with a sigh of relief. "Oh blessed sleep! The heritage of every honest man!"

The nurse wondered what he was muttering about—probably delirium. The nurse turned to call the doctor. The doctor came over. He bent over the patient. In a moment, the doctor straightened up, shaking his head negatively as if nothing more could be done. The nurse handed the doctor a hyperdermic. The doctor motioned it away with his hand. No, it wasn't necessary. A sedative wasn't needed, for with a pleasant sigh, the man fell into a deep sleep of peace—everlasting peace.

# PEACE AND THE STUDENT

During the last two years there has been a sudden awakening of anti-war feeling among the students of America. The advent of Hitler and the turning of Europe once more into an armed camp have caused a war scare throughout the world. It was only natural, therefore, that the students, who would be the fighters in the next war, should get together and show that they had no desire to fight. The methods decided upon were strikes and peace assemblies.

The assemblies, such as the ones presented at Harris with varying success, have served, for the most part admirably, to educate students, whereas the strikes have demonstrated that the student WILL NOT fight.

Both of these steps are steps in the right direction, but they are pitifully small steps. The time has come when the methods must be changed. Congress knows by now that the American student does not want war, but that won't keep us out.

If students continue to strike militantly against the abstract War, they will succeed only in alienating the authorities from their cause. Peace depends upon more than students' unwillingness to fight. Economic and political factors enter into the problem.

If students are practical they will look for a practical solution. The people of the United States are confronted with several alternatives, among them the course of simple neutrality, isolation, and cooperation by the United States with the other nations of the world to preserve peace. Students should study each of these theories, decide which is most effective, and back it with all the militancy at their disposal. They must, in addition, present a united front against those who would lead us into war. That is the only way in which they can attain their goal.

THE EDITOR

Compliments of

the

GENERAL ORGANIZATION

The fine flavors, smooth texture,
and pure ingredients in
HORTON'S ICE CREAM
have made it America's favorite
since 1851

Compliments of
The Advertising Staff
EDWARD EHRENBERG
MANAGER

CHIDNOFF STUDIO

469 Fifth Avenue

Official Photographer for the

"June 1936 Crimson and Gold"

All Portraits Made Personally

by

IRVING CHIDNOFF

With the compliments

of the

SENIOR CLASS

The Staff

and

Faculty Board of Publications

of THE STADIUM

Extend their compliments.

Compliments of

WILLIAM A. HYMAN

Attorney-at-Law

KLIMPL MEDAL COMPANY

Manufacturers of

Townsend Harris Graduation Jewelry

Medals, Pins, Rings, Plaques

for Schools, Clubs

303 Fourth Ave. N. Y. C.

Cor. 23rd St. GRamercy 5-6963

COMPLIMENTS OF THE HANDBOOK

RICHARD STOLLER, Editor

Leonard Sitomer, Managing Editor

Richard Broadman, Business Manager

For Goodness' Sake

Be sure it's

GOLDEN CRUST BREAD

New York's Finest

CAnal 6- { 1467 / 1468

HARRY JOSEPHSON

Drapery & Upholstery Fabrics

481 Broadway New York

Compliments of

Horowitz Bros. & Margareten

# LISSO & HARTIG, Inc.

516 West 34th Street

BRyant 9-0118

Established for over a Quarter Century